

THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }
VOL. III }

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VOL. CCXC }

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THREE SONGS FROM HEINE.

*Translated into Scottish dialect by
Alexander Gray.*

MORGENS STEH' ICH AUF UND FRAGE.

Ilka morn I spier on risin',
"Will she come at last?"
Ilka nicht I lie doon sighin',
"Anither day's slipped past."

On my bed I lie and sorrow,
Waukrife a' nicht through.
A' day lang I wander dreamy,
Dreamin', love, o' you.

MADCHEN MIT DEM ROTEN MUNDCHEN.

Lassie wi' the een sae tender,
Wi' the reid and rosy mou',
O, my couthy, dainty lassie,
A' my thochts are aye wi' you.

Lang, lang are the winter forenichts,
Wad that I were wi' you now!
Could we sit and crack thegither
By the firelicht's cosy lowe!

I wad kiss in leal devotion
Baith your bonnie snaw-white hands;
I wad bathe them wi' my tear-drops,
Baith your bonnie snaw-white hands.

WENN ICH IN DEINE AUGEN SEH'.

When in your bonny een I keek,
My sorrow melts awa' like reik.
And when I kiss your lips sae reid,
There's naething in the warld I need.

When on your breist my heid I rest,
There's nane in heaven is hauf sae blest.
But when you say: "I love you, sweet,"
Hoo bitter are the tears I greet!
The Nation.

INVINCIBLE.

O Fate! between the grinding-stones of
pain
Tho' you have crushed my life like
broken grain,
Shall I not leaven it with my tears and
knead
The bread of Hope to comfort and to
feed
The myriad hearts for whom no har-
vests blow
Save bitter herbs of woe?

O Fate! upon the threshold of my trust,
Tho' you have trod my spirit into dust,
Shall not my dust reblossom like a grove
To shelter under burgeoning boughs of
Love

The myriad souls for whom no gardens
bloom

Save bitter buds of doom?

Sarojini Naidu.

Hyderabad, Deccan.
The Modern Review (Calcutta).

BEYOND THE GATE.

Let us go in:
The Gate is broken down,
And the far din
Of the disturbed and eager-clamoring
town
Sounds faint, Love, when the viols
play
Their haunting virelay.
Let us go in.

For Love is sweet;
And sorrow is not long,
When fairy feet
Dance to the music of the spring morn's
song.
And we will pluck, Love, many posies
Of garlanded wild roses.
For Love is sweet.

But night will come,
When laughter is no more,
And we shall roam
Not past the dark, immutably closed
door.
Then let us smile, dear Love, and sing
Till falls the evening.
For night will come.

Alec R. Waugh.

The Bookman.

A WISH.

I looked on her I love—whose eyes
Are full of dreams—too wise, too wise!
They are the color of those flowers
That bloom among old-fashioned bowers,
Or fringe a lonely pool, or cling
About warm hedgerows in the Spring.
Eyes that have seen and held and loved
The beauty of the world, and roved
In all a poet's liberty—
Oh, would they once might turn on me!
A. Phillpotts.

AMERICAN PERPLEXITIES.

The arrival of the German submarine "liner" in America has aroused vast interest in the possibilities suggested for the future. Americans are practical, however, and they do not expect to see the Allied blockade of Germany rendered suddenly abortive through the conversion of the German submarine fleet into peaceful merchantmen. The appearance of this first submarine merchantman is not unimportant, however, especially for the future, as this vessel probably bears the same relation to the submarine liner of the years to come as did the first Wright "flyer" to the present-day aeroplane.

Submarines for the Atlantic trade have been talked of for a long time. Their use in times of peace would be for the carrying of high-priced passengers desiring to escape the effects of storms at sea and to ensure the safety of vessel and valuable cargo in severe weather, especially in the winter. The character of the cargo carried by the *Deutschland*—dyestuffs and drugs—warranted the great expense of the journey. At present prices it is estimated that the voyage will not only pay for itself, but for the initial cost of the boat as well. The return trip, providing it is successful, will be made with rubber and nickel, for which the German Government will pay the price asked, regardless of market prices elsewhere. It would not take many such boats making regular trips to add considerably to the depleted German stocks of high-priced and concentrated materials needed to carry on the war, and owing to the shortage in America of dyes and drugs there is plenty of valuable outward-bound cargo awaiting shipment. The enterprise, even if successful, will not alter the course of the war to an appreciable extent, though it renders a

speedy military victory by the Allies even more necessary than before. The effort appeals to the imagination, and American interest and admiration have been aroused. It was a clever and dramatic bit of advertising, and American opinion has estimated it as such.

No event of recent days in Europe has excited more profound and serious interest in America than the announced results of the Economic Conference held in Paris by the Allies last month. On the face of the resolutions a commercial union of the Allies is suggested—one that would apparently lead to discrimination against American export trade. It is believed in America that a new community of interest within the British Empire will be found to exist as a result of the war; such an outcome is looked upon as natural and legitimate. It appears as a different matter, however, when it is proposed that England, France, Russia, Belgium, and Italy should combine as against the world to help each other's trade, and so far, in spite of the Conference, Americans are not convinced that such a plan will prevail.

It would mean in the first place the termination of all existing commercial treaties, a like discrimination in America against the exports of the Allies, and a more or less retaliatory combination between America and the Central Empires. Trade experts in America predict that when such a commercial alliance of the present Allies as is suggested comes under serious consideration for enactment it will fail to materialize because of the obvious flagrant violation of the laws of supply and demand. Little or no irritation has been shown in the United States, therefore, over the Paris suggestions, for the simple reason that it is not believed that they will be carried out to such a point as will inter-

fere with American trade with Europe, and this not only for the sake of America, but for the convenience and prosperity of the Allies themselves. It is argued that the business interests of the United Kingdom will not care to make any discrimination against American trade other than in favor of exchanges within the Empire, by reason of the fact that in 1914 America was England's most important customer, buying nearly twice as many goods from English manufacturers as were bought by any other country in the world, and in return furnishing needed food and raw material at the lowest prices obtainable anywhere.

It is also believed there are many other reasons why America will not be regarded as an outsider when the day comes that the trade of the world will be reconstructed, and that these reasons are not all concerned with money values. The people of Belgium and France especially have come to look upon America in this war as a friend, almost an Ally, and in the present mood of the French and Belgian people it is extremely unlikely they would be agreeable to discriminate against American commerce. Even more significant to the people of the United Kingdom is the increased intimacy between America and Canada due to war conditions. Americans have come to the aid of Canada with money, goods, and men to such an extent as enormously to strengthen the bond of friendship and community interest between the two countries.

Over sixteen thousand Americans have enlisted in the Canadian Army. So numerous have been these enlistments that the unofficial name of this force is the American Legion. Five battalions of the Canadian Army are now composed entirely of Americans and are commanded by American officers. One of these battalions, the 97th, is now serving in Europe, and in Canada people are even talking of an American

Division to be commanded by an American General. Thousands of other Americans are now scattered throughout the armies of the Allies, and many of these are in the French Foreign Legion. There is no recruiting in the United States, as that would be a violation of official neutrality, but there is no need of advertisement, for Canadian affairs are as well known to Americans as their own; in fact, the social and business life of the two countries has been closely allied for years past.

Nearly all the Americans who have enlisted for service in Europe have borne arms in some previous war, great or small, and the influence that carries them into the present conflict is estimated to be about 50 per cent the quest for adventure and the other 50 the conviction that they are fighting for righteousness and, indirectly at least, on behalf of the future of their own country. Canadian staff officers have stated that it takes less than three months to train these American recruits so that they are ready for active service. The American courts have decided that the taking of the military service oath does not alienate the American citizenship of these men, so when the war is over those who survive will return to the United States trained and hardened in the methods of modern warfare, and in time might fill a useful place in the American military organization when it needs to be expanded. That these Americans are rendering actual service is shown by the statement made some months ago by Sir Sam Hughes, the Canadian War Minister, to the effect that he had already been called upon to write over two thousand letters to relatives of Americans killed or wounded on the firing line.

There can be but one result of such a comradeship in arms, and that is an even closer sympathy between Americans and British than has existed heretofore, and this contact is all the more

valuable in that it takes place between men who would otherwise be given small opportunity of meeting and thus getting to know each other at first hand. They do not come from an isolated group, but are drawn from every part of America and from all classes, and when they return to their homes their friendship and respect for the men beside whom they have fought will serve as beneficent leaven in the mental habit of communities which finally claim them. There is much of significance and interest in this commingling of Canadians and Americans in the overseas forces arriving daily to strengthen the arm of the British Empire. It should tend to soften political asperities which may arise in the future relations of Canada and America, and it is not conceivable that the people of either country will ever again look upon their neighbors across the political line as other than friends.

Before this war there was a vast amount of American capital invested in Canada. After this war there will be an enormous increase, for Canada will need outside money to continue her development, and the United States will be the source to which she will naturally and inevitably go. As a rule, in the past Americans have fought shy of foreign investment, for in the first place there has always been as good or better opportunity at home, and, secondly, because of the lack of knowledge of and confidence in foreign conditions which is very general among Americans, especially those remote from the seaboard. Curiously enough, the present war, in the opinion of many of these, entirely justifies their past and present reluctance to send their money abroad. They have always regarded foreign countries as more likely to suffer from disturbances than their own.

Canada, however, has been excepted from this general reluctance to fare afield in financial adventure, and for

reasons of geographical nearness, similarity of physical conditions, like racial origins, and a social and Government organization with which Americans were familiar. Canadian influence in Imperial matters will in the future very possibly be exerted more than ever towards a closer alliance between the people of the United States and the peoples of the British Empire. It is only by a political fluke that there has not been free trade between the United States and Canada for some time past, and that it may yet come, barring certain discriminations retained for Imperial purposes, is by no means a remote possibility. All this will have to be taken into account in constructing any scheme of Imperial commercial or financial unity, for it will be found that Canada will go just so far and no farther in the erection of trading barriers between herself and the United States.

In the past it has been for economic reasons only that Canada has been friendly towards American immigration of men and money, and this in spite of some ill-feeling towards America engendered by local pride and encouraged by some for political reasons. America has, however, in the past two years contributed heavily of men and money to the Canadian offering to England and the Empire. There now exists a community of human as well as of economic interest more in evidence than ever before. Canada receives credit with the Empire for the splendid part she has played, and America has appreciably helped her to play this part, asking nothing but the privilege of participation under the Canadian colors.

These matters may seem at first glance to have a very remote bearing upon after the war problems, but it will be found that these American contributions of men and money to the Canadian effort will soften the politico-economic situation to be confronted by the Empire after the war far more than will the

£10,000,000 contributed directly by Americans to the relief of the Allied wounded and other citizens of the Allies who have suffered from the effects of the war.

It is interesting to note that the cause of the Allies has uttered a more imperious call to American adventure than has the need of the American Government for troops to patrol the border of the United States to guard against Mexican attack. More organized troops have been sent to the Mexican border under orders than have gone unorganized and without orders to join the forces of the Allies in their struggle against Germany, but these troops sent towards Mexico have been either regulars or State militia. The number of fresh volunteers secured so far for the Mexican campaign does not equal the American force now in the Allied Armies. Of course, should the United States actually and seriously go to war with Mexico there would be no lack of men to join the colors; a half-million would be forthcoming at short notice if the situation became alarming.

As matters now stand, however, and in view of the announced policy of Washington, there is apparently no opportunity for great adventure, no glory is to be achieved and no great issue of right or wrong decided by acting as policemen along the Rio Grande. The average American, especially from the West and Southwest, who has been brought in contact with the border Mexican has an utter contempt for him as a soldier, a citizen, or a man. The "Greaser," as he is termed, has few friends and no admirers among those familiar with his character, habits, and activities. The direct thinking and acting Americans of the West and Southwest would give the Mexicans short shrift if they were allowed the conduct of affairs, and the patience and distinguished consideration accorded by President Wilson has given rise to

vast discontent in States like Texas, where the Mexican question is one vital to the pride, prosperity, and even the safety of several million people. In the opinion of these Americans there is no principle involved at all in the Mexican question. The leaders of the various factions are personally known to many people north of the Rio Grande, and they are classed, without a single exception, as a lot of murderous bandits quarreling among themselves over the spoils of blackmail, theft, and murder, and united in the fear that intervention by the United States means the end of all opportunity for them to pursue their nefarious careers.

To select the man least guilty of them all is here believed to be a task far beyond the power of the Washington Government, and nothing that has been done or left undone by the United States authorities has helped in any way to alter this conviction; in fact, it is confirmed by each successive failure of note or punitive military expedition to do away with the fact that American life and property are unsafe in Mexico and will be until some hand stronger than any yet in evidence grasps the situation with the will and purpose of carrying out, with severity if necessary, a fixed policy. Even farther away from Mexico than the border American States this opinion prevails to a certain extent, but as the distance increases the Mexican question becomes less personal to the citizen, and where theorists, reformers, peace advocates, and impractical idealists have greater sway and larger audiences, discussion takes a less practical direction, and the real issue, the hopeless anarchy prevailing in a country of nearly a million square miles and with a population of about fifteen millions, is lost sight of in the confusion of wordy argument as to land titles and the rights of the governed to govern themselves.

The late President, Porfirio Diaz,

himself originally a revolutionary of the border type, rose to power through being an excellent soldier with a talent for administration, an understanding friendliness for foreign capital and its representatives, and the possession of an iron hand relentlessly exercised in the suppression of all disorder. He knew his people, and they knew and feared him. When his firm grasp relaxed through the weakness of oncoming years his knowledge of Mexico and her people led him to Europe to find a natural and peaceful end, rather than to remain and inevitably fall a victim to those who conspired around him. There were many scandals in the Diaz administration, and his rule was severely criticised as being far from harmonious with the democratic principles enunciated in the Mexican constitution. The former critics of the Diaz administration would, however, now welcome the return of that Dictatorship which with all its faults was far and away the best government Mexico ever had, and better than any to be expected from the administration of any one of the band of cutthroats now acclaiming themselves as the saviors of Mexico.

President Diaz grew with his office. As the country developed so did he, and one of the most significant illustrations of this growth is a comparison of the two oil portraits of General Diaz now in the City of Mexico. One shows him as an army officer at the date of his inception into the office of President, and the other was painted from life at the height of his power and towards the end of his reign. The history of modern Mexico up to his retirement lies between these two portraits.

"What my people need," he once said, "is a strong personal government, and," he added, after a short pause, and with a certain grimness of expression, "that is what I am giving them." Another opinion he once confided to a friend was concerning the written con-

stitution of Mexico. The remark was made that this was modeled after the constitution of the United States. "Yes," said President Diaz, "it is, and it is more ornamental than useful." It is asserted by the reformers that the top, bottom, and both sides of the Mexican problem is to be found in the land question. President Wilson has accepted this point of view. He has been trying to find a man whom he could support for the Presidency of Mexico who would view matters likewise, and who would at once inaugurate a really much-needed reform. The trouble is with this very much mixed up affair that peace must come first and with it a legislative body organized with some chance of being able to enforce the laws it may enact. An improved government cannot be given to Mexico until a government exists which offers itself for improvement, and at present there cannot be said to be any real government at all.

That President Wilson has changed his views on Mexican affairs from time to time is not remarkable; in fact, it is a favorable sign, for he started out with a lot of theories which had to go by the board before his vision became at all clear. That he has not wanted to go to war against Mexico is true, and to his credit, for out of such a war would come no glory for the United States; it would be in the nature of a stern duty. From such a war would come a vast encumbrance, attended by enormous expense and serious political problems difficult of solution. Once the Philippines were in hand the United States could not let go, no matter how much the American people want to take this course, as they certainly did and still do. They could not abandon the country to worse ills than a foreign occupation. It would be the same with Mexico and worse, for the whole question of Pan-American unity and Latin-American confidence in the United States is involved in the treatment of Mexico. The people of

South and Central America are watching the progress of events with uneasiness and even alarm, for they have little faith in the Altruism of nations.

Three months must yet elapse before the national election in America, and much can happen in that time, but after all it is not a great span of time, and through diplomatic exchanges it may be possible for President Wilson to maintain the *status quo* in the foreign relations of the United States over that period. That is what will be done if it is possible, and it would be most inconsiderate of the Germans to raise any further issue with the United States before November, as it would also be most ungrateful of Carranza, the *protégé* of President Wilson, to do likewise at so critical a time in American politics, for the success or downfall of his erstwhile patron may be determined by the action taken by Carranza, the nominal President *pro tem.* of México by the grace of Washington. This Mexican issue is filling a large place in American political discussion at this time. The opposition is making much of the troubles of the Administration in that direction, and the assertion is made that if the trouble had been dealt with promptly and with greater firmness matters would not be as bad as they are now. Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, has not yet told us how he would have done better or what he would do now if he were President, but a plan for the "beneficent pacification" of Mexico may be forthcoming early in the active phase of the campaign. The question is one that would really puzzle any President, no matter how positive and bold his character, for to pacify Mexico at this time means really to conquer it first, and the conquest of Mexico has never been an easy task. It would at the present time involve the United States in a really serious war, requiring seven hundred thousand men and vast expenditure.

Such a war would arouse no enthusiasm among the American people, for it is and would be a purely police job, with no gain for the party that took it on other than the restoration of order in that disturbed neighborhood.

It would bring in its train a heritage of hate on the part of a large number of the Mexican people, and seriously endanger the harmony of the Pan-American choir. A policy of drift is the safest politically for President Wilson so long as the current of events does not become strong enough to drown the swimmer. The important announcement has been made that ex-President Roosevelt will support Mr. Hughes. Such support will alienate a few, but will bring to the support of the Republican candidate the enthusiastic Roosevelt following. This will lend a "certain liveliness" to the campaign which it would otherwise lack. For the first time for several years the Republican party is united in its attack upon the opposition, and the election will be a fair test of strength on both sides. In times gone by it would have been possible to indulge in prophecy as to the outcome, and such a prophecy would now favor the "outs," but confused political conditions, lack of definite issues between the parties, and a growing independence among the voters render it futile to predict at this time the re-election or the defeat of President Wilson.

There is considerable uneasiness in Washington just now as to what Germany may do in the desperate position with which she is now threatened. A renewal of relentless and indiscriminate submarine warfare is strongly urged by many German newspapers and publicists. Such a development would at once place President Wilson in a most uncomfortable position. It will be recalled that in the German Note to America, in which it was agreed to conform to the wishes of the United States in the matter of submarine warfare against

merchantmen, it was clearly intimated that, should the protests of the United States Government fail to ease off the blockade of Germany by England, the right to a new decision was reserved. The blockade is constantly growing tighter and more effective, and it is not inconceivable that Germany might at any time hold herself to be released from any promises made in view of what the German Government might hold to be the ineffectiveness of American pressure upon the Allies. It may easily be assumed that as the war progresses and the position of Germany becomes less favorable, every form of "frightfulness" will be renewed and new ones brought into play. On land and sea and in the air Germany will exercise her utmost power to damage or discourage the Allies, even though such effort be foredoomed to failure in winning the war. Such demonstrations will be put forth as arguments in favor of a peace based upon compromise. These efforts may take the most dramatic form, and countries hitherto resting with apparent safety in armed neutrality may suddenly find themselves faced with the great decision.

No question of international law or courtesy to neutrals will be allowed to stand in the way of Germany's final efforts, and President Wilson is now enjoying a truce rather than the secure results of a diplomatic victory. Before peace comes there will be an outburst of armed fury in Europe from the effects of which no nation, neutral or otherwise will escape unscathed. It will be a time when the peoples of now neutral countries will require the services of leaders capable of quick and stern decisions, for academic protests will be as the whistling of the winds. This moment may not come before next November, and if so President Wilson may count himself as politically fortunate, for the diplomatic house of cards in which the neutrality of the United States is now

The Fortnightly Review.

sheltered may fall with a crash in the storms yet to come which even now threaten on the near horizon.

Another issue has come to the fore in the American political campaign quite unusual in American politics, and that is a comparison of the personality of the two candidates, Wilson and Hughes. With all the freedom that is given to the American Press, and with all the pernicious intrusion into private affairs that finds expression in the columns of American newspapers, it has been many years since the personality of the candidates has played any part in the publicity work of a campaign, no matter how great the temptation may have been to use material at hand. In reading the American newspapers today, however, much can be gleaned from between the lines. Something seems to be struggling against precedent and unwritten rules for clearer expression, and that something finds itself articulate in the communications of man to man. The demand is made in print for a comparison of the personal characters of Woodrow Wilson and Charles Evans Hughes. This demand will not be satisfied in print, but the mere suggestion of such a demand means to the man in the street that there are other issues to be voted upon than the attitude of the American Government towards Mexico and the war in Europe, and this is another reason why it is practically impossible at this time to estimate the strength of the two candidates with the mass of the voters.

In all countries with unrestricted franchise elections have been won or lost at the last moment by psychological waves which have swept across the national mind, swamping on their way the political hopes of one or the other candidate. It is this sort of thing, now so possible of occurrence in America, that makes it unsafe to build a political prophecy upon the obvious news of the day.

James Davenport Whelpley.

A SHIP'S COMPANY.*

IX. GALES.

'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men.

—Kingsley.

Very rightly did the bygone ages of seamen bestow on easterly weather its present fickle reputation. For four days out of a clear-cut black horizon the northeaster blew, with a low but steadied barometer; for four days we bucketed about amid waves that hourly seemed to grow bigger and more awe-inspiring; for four days, chilled to the bone, we gazed out on the incessant white flurry of a gray and white sea—the whole now dull and ominous-looking under a rolling dark sky, now sparkling steely, greeny black as a brilliant sun lit up its crests and furrows; one day driving our nose into the foam-capped combers, the next riding comparatively easily with the tumult astern. Then, on the fifth morning, came the looked-for gentle rise of the glass, and it brought us by evening—not, as we hoped, the climax of the gale before the calm, but biting villainous hail and rain. Still the glass rose slowly and easily, still the easterly weather lived up to its capricious character by doing anything but what one would have expected; then suddenly the rain stopped, in about an hour almost the wind died down, the barometer began to fall very slowly, and yesterday we had a perfect day of autumn sunshine—a day which, for the time of the year, seemed strangely and almost oppressively hot.

Evening saw us making for "home" with a gentle southeasterly breeze astern; by eleven we were safely at anchor, and quickly all who could turned in—to woo as many hours sleep as an

early start at the 1800-ton coaling on the morrow would allow.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling . . . !

Lying half awake in our hammocks this morning, we snatch a few seconds' grace before the ship's corporal again bestows his attentions on us, and simultaneously as he gives the foot-clews of the hammock that happens to be nearest him a violent jerk, commands us all and sundry to "Show a leg, show a leg, lash up and sto-o-w!" Lazily we rack our brains to put a name to that other noise that assailed our sleep-fuddled hearing when the "crusher" brought us to life a bare minute ago. Then *Ting-a-ling-a-ling . . .* it again breaks forth.

The fog bell! So the easterly weather is treating us to the full gamut of his caprices—wind, rain, hail, sunshine, calm, and now fog.

But that is not going to postpone coaling. Oh, dear, no. Already the collier is timidly nosing her way towards us.

We turn out, and, grumbling and grousing the while, perform that seemingly impossible feat of "cleaning" into a dirty rig. (The only explanation of this phenomenon necessary, however, is that a service dictionary—were there such a thing—would describe "clean," in the sense in which we use it, as—"v., to dress, to put on clothes.") Presently, having successfully got outside a bowl of steaming cocoa, we are ready for the much-hated work of the day.

Perhaps some of the officers not needed on deck to superintend the work of securing and "rigging" the collier (a busy torpedo party have already turned night into day—so far as the fog allows—with clusters here and there of blazing electric lights) have given themselves a few minutes' grace; but

*THE LIVING AGE, July 1, 1916.

their respite from the grimy realities of today's "common task" is very short-lived.

"A quarter past four, sir. It's pretty cold and there's a thick fog." Thus Langton's servant rouses his master from a heavy slumber wherein thoughts of coaling and kindred abominations held no sway.

Soon various weirdly appareled, sleepy, and petulant figures assemble in the ward-room, and in an almost universal stony silence drink a perfectly filthy cup of tea and gulp down a few decidedly dry and uninteresting sandwiches. Any remarks made are of the peevish character which early rising and an impending distasteful job engender.

"Thick fog now; it'll be raining before we've really started," says Wilson, always rather prone to look on the dull side of things. Some grunt in acquiescence; one responds—"Yes, it's a real go-into-the-garden-and-eat-worms day." Otherwise, silence.

"Clear lower deck, hands coal ship," comes the pipe, and up on deck we all troop—a motley throng indeed.

Absolutely any rig is allowed for coaling, and divers are the sartorial effects sported. Probably, for the men, this small fact takes the edge off the day's drudgery, for firmly ingrained in the average "matloe" is an ineradicable love of "dressing up."

Observe the padre's servant with a discarded clerical hat surmounting footer rig—the latter peculiarly attenuated as to the knickers, while next him walks Private Spooner clad in riding breeches (evidently another cast-off item of an officer's wardrobe in the pre-war days) and plain clothes coat; the brim of a bowler in conjunction with his own curly black hair provides him with a piquant (albeit inefficient!) imitation headpiece. Of course we do not all dress up; the vast majority appear quite soberly clad either in overalls or our oldest suit, but those

members of the community on whom individually the lower deck bestows the euphemistic title of "a bird" always vie with each other in the production of comical effects.

To a stranger the blaze of electric light would reveal an extraordinary sight as the inmates of this human hive hurry and skurry to their stations, some in the collier—to be swallowed up in the gloomy holds or to tend the winches, out-hauls, etc., the others in the ship. And Wilson's prophecy has come true; by now the weather is what the natives of the country call "a wee bit saaft."

But are we down-hearted? *No.* Already from the depths of the foremost hold come snatches of song—"Who were you with last night?" "Tipperary," and (the bluejacket always loves anything sentimental)—

Night, and the stars are gleaming,
Tender and true;
Dearest, my heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of you.

"Sound the commence, bugler," orders the Commander. Comes the chatter of a winch, the splutter and hiss of steam, the murmur and creak of block, the sibilant whisper of whip, and then with a thud the first hoist of the day is landed inboard.

Any work proceeds all the better when a spirit of emulation can be infused among the workers. On board the ship at the four "dumping" grounds this is rather difficult to do, but in the collier itself (where is the hardest job of the lot—filling bags at lightning speed) we work hold against hold. On the coaming of the hatch is chalked up, hour by hour, our own score and those of our rivals, and thus, each hold striving against the other, the work proceeds apace.

At three we finished. It was not a good coaling. Things went wrong so very often: winches broke down, blocks

jammed, whips broke, long before the end one hold was swept and empty, and—it was a vile day.

Undoubtedly one of the phenomena of this war—as regards our own life—is the speed at which the time passes. Whether it is that we are always more or less busy, that there is some interest or excitement attaching to almost every minute of the day, it is absolutely true that never in any of our lives has the time passed so quickly as during these last three months. Except perhaps in Sinbad's case; at least if we can believe one yarn of his wherein he is the hero, several "dagoes" armed with knives the villains, and when he lived "a year in an hour."

But a day will come on which the time seems to fly on doubly leaden wings, and such a one has today been.

The reason? Well, as Able Seaman Dodds observed when the bugle sounded the "cease fire"—meaning that coaling was over,—"nuff sed."

Midnight, and again at sea: rough weather, too. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on at least one night in harbor the order came, "Steam for full speed"; ten o'clock saw us passing the boom, and now here we are well away from the lee of the land, the ship staggering and rolling as she runs with the fury of the gale on her starboard beam.

Ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.

It was at five, as we finished washing down, that out of the southwest came a puff of wind—then calm again; then another puff stronger than the first, and the flat leaden surface of the water quivered into life as each moment the wind blew harder, as puff became squall. The gray canopy of fog cleared as if by magic, and in the evening light we could just see—overhead the rolling gray chaos of the fast approaching storm, around us the peculiar misty contracted horizon of southwesterly

weather. Now in the inky blackness through which the gale shrieks and whistles and groans, we are pushing our way—whither?

That was the question all of us asked, though perhaps not in quite the same form. "What's the stunt?" Langton had said, for we were all certain that our hurried departure was not just an ordinary part of the day's work.

It was an evening of rumors, fantastic and otherwise. Unconsciously everyone knew that *something* was in the wind: Bombard Heligoland? a "digging-out" (!) expedition? . . . None of the many individual guesses found favor with the crowd, and it was not till the powers that be let fall certain words—rendezvous—first fine morning—seaplanes—that any of us felt satisfied in our minds as to what was on.

Over the next three days the curtain must fall. Early on the fifth morning we arrived back in harbor.

X. CALM.

This war is responsible for a great many things, and as the days go on, so, undoubtedly, will its responsibility increase; which brings us to the subject of—beards. At all events, it must be perfectly safe to say that some of the whiskers which have lately made their appearance would never have done so in the piping times of peace.

But to call them beards in every case is to be unduly flattering, for most of the productions are decidedly disappointing. Dannatt has grown something which on a dark moonless night might perhaps be mistaken for one, while Saxon, after six weeks' strenuous effort, can show nothing for his labors but a very inferior "Kruger" fringe. *Could* were the more proper word to use, for a great event in his life has just taken place, and at the breakfast table he appears again a more or less respectable member of society—the fringe is no more.

"Hello," says Langton, "so you've done your day's work already; did it hurt much? But seriously, old man, I offer you my heartfelt congratulations."

"I simply couldn't stand it any longer," explains Saxon.

"Well, it was not going to grow any longer," appropriately says Sinbad.

"Perhaps not, but anyway I had some ripping side-whiskers, hadn't I?"

And then some people say that men are not vain.

So much for the ward-room; as regards the rest of the officers, most of the members of the gun-room are far too juvenile to have yet passed beyond the stage of rapturously conning the advertisements of safety-razors, in eager anticipation of the day when an immature downy fluff will have grown slightly more aggressive. Some, of course, have reached years of discretion, but the most that the gun-room sports (up to the present) is one very weedy pair of side-whiskers. The Warrant Officers on the whole are far too staid and unemotional to be influenced by the whims and caprices of the younger generation.

But on the lower deck a perfect forest of whiskers has sprung up, some of the effects being good, some bad, but most indifferent. It is one of the rules of the service that before a man is allowed to "grow," he must first solicit the permission of the officer of his division—not as a curtailment to the liberty of the subject, but just to provide a slight check to the ardor of those who otherwise would be continually "growing" one week and shaving again the next.

It is not hard to guess the names of one or two culprits: "Nobby" Clark, of course, broke out very soon, and by now has a really fine beard; of which he has duly informed his wife, but apparently she does not view the production in at all the same light as he does. At least Langton got that idea from a

letter he censored last night: "You say if ever I come home tickling you with a beard, you'll never speak to me again. Well, as the first chance of a drop of leaf seems to be after the war, I'll risk it."

Doubtless the rumor alone of forty-eight hours' leave would soon cause much delving in ditty boxes for discarded razors.

One good thing, the Marines, being soldiers, are not allowed to play pranks with their appearance, and so we are spared the sight into which Private Spooner would doubtless have turned himself; his mustache is recalcitrant enough without a beard adding to his troubles.

This is our second consecutive day in harbor. Yesterday we did the best coaling of the commission, taking in as much as usual and being finished and washed down by seven bells in the afternoon. Today, Sunday, we are taking advantage of the apparent quietness of affairs in the outside world (which to us means—the North Sea) to have proper Sunday "Divisions" and "muster by open list."

"Divisions" is a great function in peace time. Now it is shorn of much of the accustomed pomp and ceremony. Gone are the officers' frock coats, the clanking swords, the immaculate white gloves; of that first red week in August it might well be said, figuratively speaking, that for most naval officers all roads led to "Gieve's": the railways must have carried many hundreds of tons of gear to the outfitters for stowage till "after the war." The only error that we made then was in thinking that the time at which we have now arrived would belong to the mystical period which still seems so far distant.

It is twenty-five minutes past nine; from the bugle comes the "Officers' call," and on deck we troop to give the ward-room servants a last chance of tidying up, in case that autocrat—

the Captain—should look in on his voyage of inspection of the ship.

This last frenzied tidying up for the Captain's benefit is rather comical—as regards the Officers' Mess, at least. Will he not know all too well when he pulls aside the curtain and sees a spick-and-span apartment, that a bare half hour ago thirty or so individuals were breakfasting there; that, but for five minutes' grace between the "Officers' call" and "Divisions" itself, tobacco ash galore would be marring the polished surface of the shellacked corticene, that the whole place would be a litter of papers, charts, and all the paraphernalia which a N. O. must have immediately at hand; that if he were to open that bottom sideboard cupboard he would in all probability find a bucket of dirty water, stowed there (quite wrongly) by the corporal of servants who now stands so stiffly at attention by his side?

Of course he will; has he not lived in the ward-room for so many years of his life? and knowing, he will pass on, almost hearing the sigh of relief with which the corporal welcomes the fact that his delinquency has not been noticed.

"9.30, sir, ready for Divisions," the Commander reports to the Captain, and the latter heads the procession round the ship. The time-honored routine is carried out; a tour of the mess decks, a peep into storerooms, the unearthing of the inevitable "cleaning rags" where they should not be, etc., etc. Writing about it all perhaps seems futile, but experience shows that inspections such as this keep things—particularly as regards minor generalities—up to concert pitch.

The Captain is spending a long time "below" today, and twenty minutes elapse before the procession appears on deck. Already, fallen in by hundreds, the men are standing to attention in one long queue of fours, the first rank facing a table over which

Saxon leans, ship's ledger spread open before him.

"Carry on, sir?" asks the commander.

"Please," answers the Captain, and without further ado Saxon starts the ball rolling.

"Petty Officer Tucker," he calls out.

"Number one, sir; Petty Officer, Gunner's Mate, Gunlayer 1st Class, Three Good Conduct Badges." Tucker had stepped two paces forward and now stands, cap off and at attention, fearlessly looking his Captain between the eyes. As the last word is uttered, he turns smartly to the left, replaces his cap, and doubles away.

"Petty Officer Hayes."

"Number two, sir; Petty Officer, Leading Torpedoman, Two Good Conduct Badges."

And so the muster goes on; "Timothy Apps," says Saxon in a voice which by now sounds purely mechanical in tone. Up sidles Stoker Apps and sheepishly blurts out "Stokeer, first-class, sirr, second class for conduct."

The Captain gazes on him. He is not a particularly nice sight—just a "worm," and with no extenuating circumstances. However, he passes the ordeal with nothing worse than an order for "hair cut" against his name in the Master-at-Arms' book.

Pauses occur here and there: the inevitable stutterers appear from time to time, covered with confusion; but the Captain has a kind heart, and taking pity on their affliction waves them aside long before they have had time to appear foolish to the remainder of the world behind them.

The R.N.R. men by now are initiated into most Service mysteries, and "muster by open list"—a much more trying ordeal than payment muster for the tyro—is negotiated swimmingly.

Evening comes, and six o'clock reveals a scene, the familiarity of which has robbed it of all incongruity for us. In a large flat just abaft the ward-room,

extending the whole width of the ship, are assembled nearly two hundred men, some sitting, some standing, all smoking; tucked away in a corner is a musical instrument of some sort, while a small clear space in the middle contains a table and a chair.

What are we going to have? A concert? A stranger would come to no other opinion, but—he would be wrong.

Minutes pass; the atmosphere becomes gray and thick with the fumes of Woodbines, and "Ship's"; the chatter grows louder and louder; then of a sudden a hush falls over the assemblage and on the scene enters the Rev. Charles Golightly.

He looks round, and half to himself, half to the crowd, observes, "Ah, a good muster tonight, this is better. . . . No, no, carry on smoking, please," he adds in a louder voice, as certain individuals who are making a first appearance furtively put pipe in pocket, or cigarette behind an ear.

"Hymn No. 27." The musical instrument, which closer inspection reveals in its true colors—a harmonium, emits a few wheezy bars, and the service begins. It is not the proper Evensong—just a succession of hymns and talks by the padre during an hour or so, but, after all, just as effective, just as sincere.

XI. CELEBRITIES.

Most ships have a pet of some sort—a cat, dog, goat, monkey, or even a bear; which brings to mind the good old Service bear story. That it is true is an absolute fact, as several officers can testify; but it is told of so many ships and so many different persons that the younger generation after a while rather take it with the proverbial grain.

Anyway, one ship had a big shaggy bear for a pet, and for a time all went well. "Bruin" (needless to say that was *not* his name) behaved with the

utmost decorum and became quite a credit to his ship and the Service. As time went on, though, he began to tire of chasing the same old figures, whose idiosyncrasies he knew so well, up and down ladders—along the fore and aft bridge—through the battery—on to the quarter-deck—and back again, and he made up his mind that fresh ships and decks new would be a pleasant change; so one day in harbor he quietly slipped down the ladder and swam over to the next astern. The consternation (and rather more than consternation, rumor had it!) of that ship's officer of the watch when he saw a soaking wet, ferocious bear making for him can be well imagined. "Bruin" quickly cleared the quarter-deck of all inhabitants, and remained cock of the walk, while the fore-bridge semaphore sent out a frenzied appeal to the — for some one to come and remove their obstreperous property.

But we commissioned in such a whirl that pets were rather at a discount, and so have none; at least, none to ourselves. But with the rest of the ships that use this base we share two—"Fritz" and "Karl."

And either Fritz or Karl we always have with us, the one or the other, for they permanently keep watch and watch somewhere in the approaches to this anchorage. So by now you have probably guessed who, or what, they are—actually two enemy submarines, but we always think of them by the pet names we have given their commanding officers.

Fritz and Karl somehow we imagine as being rather sportsmen; rumor says that the former, having fruitlessly expended all his torpedoes, once landed at an out of the way part of the coast, played eighteen holes on the nearest golf course, and reembarked to await Karl's arrival from Heligoland: while the latter on off-days is popularly supposed to play a bold game of "peep-

bo" just to the seaward side of the boom—popping up his periscope now and then on the "Cat may look at a King" theory.

Thus we have invested them with a fictitious glamour of romance, though viewed in cold blood the only opinion that can be formed is that they must be singularly inefficient. But we have quite taken them under our wing, and so long as they continue to expend German torpedoes without result we shall be almost sorry if any harm comes to them.

We would rather like to come to an agreement with Fritz and Karl—live and let live.

The present is quite a long spell in harbor, and thus we ourselves for the first time feel to be on more or less familiar terms with Fritz and Karl; up to the present we have only heard of their activities from friends in the harbor dépôt ships, but now our own coding office confirms everything (except as regards the fantastic details) we were told.

"Are they really there?" Langton asks of Saxon, who has just sat down to tea after having the afternoon coding watch.

"Oh, yes, I think so," replies Saxon; then, inconsequently, "I wonder if Fritz has seen 'The Passing Show'?" and, as far as a mouthful of bread, butter, and jam will allow, he croons, "You're here and I'm here, so what do we care?"

Till one has been at anchor for a day or two, one hardly realizes what a blessed relief a spell in harbor affords.

Continually at sea, our thoughts center on a single subject—the enemy—and it is only natural that we seem to lose absolutely the true perspective of ordinary things. Cooped up as closely as we are, trivialities of at all an irksome nature are apt to become enormities, and outside one's work petty peculiarities of a messmate—at first

not even noticed, then whimsically tolerated—now after a few days' bad weather seem absolutely abhorrent.

For instance, one gets to the stage of considering it a personal insult that one's *vis-à-vis* splutters whilst drinking his tea!

At times one takes a feverish delight in welcoming additional discomforts (which must be bad!) and a green sea down the ward-room skylight, resulting in the mess for an hour or two being an absolute snipe marsh, seems to be the best tonic going for a general "mouldy" atmosphere.

And the reason? Merely because so many people have to live in such a very restricted environment. Liver? Yes and no; but Dannatt, who neither by age nor rank is yet an S.O.B. ("silly old buffer" is a term of endearment applied to the senior members of the mess), is a great offender, and surely he ought to be able to prescribe for himself.

But a day or two in harbor quickly brush away the cobwebs, and in every possible way we make the most of them.

This evening Saxon, pausing for a moment just outside his cabin, has his ears assailed by the sound of a swinging chorus coming apparently from the bowels of the ship. After a week or so at sea probably he would have observed that "if those people want to make a blooming awful row, I wish they would not choose just outside my cabin to do it"; now he peers down the open trunk and listens with evident relish.

"Those people" are the padre and his concert party.

It was more than a month ago that the following appeared on the lower deck notice-boards:—

It is proposed to form a concert party. Will any "talent" please come and have a yarn with me in the dog watches during the next day or two?—The Chaplain.

The party rehearsing in the flat below is the result.

Running a ship's concert is no sine-cure. Even after one has managed to separate the wheat from the chaff without offending more than half the ship's company, one's troubles only really begin. After having cast Stoker So-and-so for a song, one finds that although he originally reported (and fairly rightly too) as being "a good 'and at a comic," he now has no intention of performing in that line; it is sword-swinging or *nothing* for him.

But though a ship's concert party is as touchy as the most rabid Trade Unionist, the Rev. Charles Golightly has a happy knack of smoothing out all difficulties, and by now he has the nucleus of a successful evening's entertainment rehearsed and almost ready for production.

Whether—and if it is, when—it will be produced, fate will decide.

There are two celebrities to whom you have not been introduced; presented rather,—for one never is "introduced" to Royalty, is one? And they are, the Cocoa King and the Incinerator King; all powerful sovereigns in their own domains.

The former is really a King, *ex officio*, if there can be such a personage, for though his realm is the ship's galley, he is actually only there on sufferance. His forbears in the old days must have been the chiefs of some small predatory nation, for now he only appears in the hours of darkness. In fact he is a great example of the old adage, "Uneasy lies the head . . .," for his existence is a Jekyll and Hyde one in the extreme; he has never been seen during the day!

But mount the ladder and stroll into the precincts of the galley any time during the long night watches. There we shall find him hooded and cloaked in a duffle suit (some swear he wears a mask), now seated on a pile of

potato sacks, a bowl of steaming cocoa at his lips, now standing suppliant at the galley door, beseeching the cook on watch for more.

Apparently he has solved two great questions of life—

(a) How to live without sleep.

(b) The art of perpetually taking nutriment.

But perhaps he is subsidized by Fry or Cadbury, or whoever purveys cocoa to his Majesty's Navy.

Anyway, as we try to impress on Dannatt, he deserves at least a column in the "British Medical Journal."

A very different personage is the Incinerator King. He reigns where all may see—and during the hours of official day only—right aft on the poop. His kingdom consists of a home-made contraption—cross between a traveling-kitchen and an armored-car—for burning all refuse which otherwise would be thrown over the side, and thus be likely to betray a fleet's movements to observant mariners.

The Incinerator was designed and made "below," and is a source of more pride and self-congratulation on the part of the senior engineer than the whole of the turbines, engine-rooms, and boiler-rooms put together. If one but knew, he probably considers himself fully qualified now to put F.R.I.B.A. after his name.

The King, a venerable smoke-be-grimed dignitary, when not referred to by his royal title, answers to the name of Donald Macpherson, stoker, Royal Naval Reserve. In private life we are given to understand that he is a person of considerable importance in his native land of Stornoway; he owns at least one steam trawler that plies in and out of that port; from his venerable appearance when, gold spectacles on the point of his nose, he can be seen reading in his mess, he must be at least an elder.

"What for did ye join the Resairve, Donal': you just a-waistin' your time,

tending yon . . . moock daistructor?" asks Sandy M'Squinty a fellow-countryman hailing from "Glesca"; though whether Stornoway owns a "Glescaite" as a fellow-countryman, and *vice versa*, we Sassenachs of Sassenachs can hardly say.

"Hush, mon; d'ye ken your language. Is it no a bonny callin'?"

"What? I doot if ye'll find mony men tae go daftie o'er rubbish burnin'."

"I didna mean rubbish burnin'; I meant the Sairvice," answers Macpherson.

"Aye, nae doot," M'Squinty acquiesces, realizing in time the futility of entering into an argument with one so well read.

In the ward-room a frequent topic of conversation is not "What for did we join the Sairvice?" but what we are going to do after the war. For a lot of us now are determined when peace comes once more to seek a new life (of course when the time does come we shall do no such thing!).

Today, after breakfast, a small group are putting the finishing touches to a discussion which raged with varying success all last evening after dinner.

"Much as I hate the sea," says Sinbad (actually away from it for more than a week on end he would be supremely unhappy), "it's back to the old job for me. I know Sierra Leone too much, sah," he adds, dropping into nigger idiom; "and won't I kick those swine of Hamburgers if the old line sails out of there once more!"

"Six months' leave for me," Sandall contributes, "and a winter at Palm Beach." "Torps" is a voracious novel reader, and lately has been much enamored with an American story by R. W. Chambers: rumor says that he has lost his heart (in the abstract) to a girl called Sheila.

Here Saxon propounds his theory. "No, *the* thing to do is to start a pub.

Oh, not the everyday sort of thing," he adds, noticing the look of mock dismay on his audience's faces: "A real old-world first-class hotel. You can all have jobs. Dannatt will be in the wine cellar. . . ."

"Then I stipulate that I'm provided with a skull-cup and red plush slippers," interposes that worthy.

Unabashed, Saxon continues: "It must have a huge garden, be near a golf course, and just off an important road, have a trout stream handy, and be well run on real old-world lines."

"Yes," says Langton, warming up to the idea, "I'll join in; and we'll have no men about the place—inside, that is: all maids with old-fashioned names."

"Penelope," supplements Terence.

"And Prudence."

"And Phœbe."

"And we'll keep bees, too; in those old-fashioned hives, you know."

The idea is catching on like wildfire.

"That's all very well," says Wilson, who has joined up on the outskirts of the throng. "But who's got the money to start all this going?"

"What! with our prize-money and blood-money, shan't we have enough?" asks Saxon.

"Wait and see," says Wilson, dull and prosaic as ever.

"Never mind old Reehid Pasha," says Saxon. "He'd be a wet blanket to . . ."

"The Huns are out, chaps!"

Martin's face wreathed with smiles of excitement, is thrust round the door curtain just long enough for him to utter these words.

And they are, too, or at least some of them.

As "the Yarmouth raid" that day's exploit of the Germans goes down to history. It was not a very glorious episode in the annals of their navy, but it was an annoying one for us, because we failed to come to grips with them.

True, their 10,000-ton cruisers engaged our 1000-ton gunboat *Halcyon* and wounded one man, before they deemed it advisable to retire back to their fastnesses.

Needless to say, the other battle cruisers and ourselves, with the light cruisers, were after them as soon as we could possibly get away. But when the first excitement of the news had died down, we seemed to feel that we were on somewhat of a wild-goose chase; they had such an impossible start of us.

But off at full speed we all pounded
Blackwood's Magazine.

into the face of typical North Sea weather—dull, rainy and rough; as we feared, though, disappointment was to be our fate, and early in the evening we were ordered back to harbor.

An unfortunate incident of the affair was that one of our submarines, in trying to make a "bag" struck a mine—one of a stream which the rearmost German ship was sowing as she fled—and sank.

"Yon dirty dogs," was Macpherson's sole remark on the whole exploit. But that was unduly expressive for him.

G. F.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER IV.

AN ANNOYING CONTRETEMPS—WITHOUT CONSEQUENCES.

The Rt. Honble. John Macmahon,—The card was brought to me when at breakfast next morning, watching through the small leaded panes the washing of my chaise. My caller was at the door of the room, bowing himself in with courtly grace, all apologies for his intrusion, it was damnably impolite, an outrage, strike him blind if it wasn't; but, there!—what was a gentleman to do?—Would Mr. Fanshawe tell him that?

I recognized the Dublin accent. When the servant had closed the door the dapper little man came with a frank, disarming outburst. It appeared that he was on service, taxing his poor abilities for the whim of . . . well, if Mr. Fanshawe must know, the Prince; and, having executed his commission, which was nothing to the point; and failed in it, which was neither here nor there,—was wanted in Town, and at the Grange, and in fifty places; but, as luck would have it, Mr. Fanshawe had the call upon the last four available horses. . . .

There are situations which take charge of us, this, for instance, left me without an alternative. You will understand that the enforced contiguity of a beau of the highest *ton* for the remainder of my journey was not what I would have chosen. But, the man's necessities pleaded for him, and I had not the heart to refuse. He was traveling light, a feather-weight, himself, as he said, and, in a word, the fellow met complaisance more than half way. In an hour we were off.

When seen by daylight, and at close quarters, the man struck me as a buck who had passed his best, a hard liver abusing a fine constitution, swarthy, well-set-up, five-feet-four, and with the fighting face. I think he must have been still under fifty. Of course he was known to me by repute. Who had not heard of the Prince of Wales' Private Secretary, the Keeper of His Royal Highness's Privy Purse? Bob Dawnay had told me stories of the man's adroitness and resource, for the posts were no sinecures, as you may guess.

Although he had made me a present of his position and business, I left it

with him to enlarge, and put no questions. Nor, until the day was well advanced, did his identity with the smaller of the pair of whisperers in the window-bay on the preceding night occur to me.

My guest was excellent company had I felt in the vein for society; he talked well and indefatigably, but the cold grew past bearing, and progress difficult, and the snow deeper, until at a village near Belper, the harness broke badly.

The early darkness of a winter's afternoon was falling; the lighted windows of some large house allured us; we agreed to make a short stage of it if shelter could be had. Macmahon, with Irish assurance, volunteered to storm the mansion, and returned in a few minutes with a great top-booted man in hastily donned wraps, who introduced himself to me as the rector, and hospitably bade me welcome. I was not surprised, for my companion's name and place about the Prince's court would have secured him consideration in almost any household of quality, whilst upon such a night, and in such misfortune, few would have denied us shelter.

The boys got their nags to the stables and bestowed my chaise; we, carrying our valises, followed our host to the rectory. Oxgarth was the village, and our entertainer the incumbent, Canon Mereweather.

In half an hour's time, washed and dressed, I descended to a dining-room ringing with voices and ashine with candles. Macmahon was before me. Our host broke from a circle of well-dressed men and advanced to greet me with both hands extended, declaring 'twas the most opportune mischance in the world, for the snowfall had kept away some of his party and the sport would be too good to be wasted.

"We blood my new pit tomorrow between services, sir; and ye shall see

what Derbyshire Blue-winged Game can do against their Cheshire Reds. 'Twill be a main worth watching."

'Twas Saturday evening, but I knew enough of the ways of our country clergy to feel no surprise.

I have always held ability to suit himself to his company one of the points of a gentleman, and if compelled to exceed by the exigence of good-fellowship, to carry his liquor with discretion. On this occasion I had need of the head I had acquired abroad, for quite early in the dinner I perceived that a set was being made at me, but stood it out upon claret.

As for the wagering, I put my ten guineas upon Cheshire, but declined to back any man's birds upon the plea that I had never seen 'em

Guessing that to leave the table early would be taken amiss, and finding the affair tolerably dull, I took no pains to keep awake and presently fell asleep where I sat. The last words I heard being something commendatory from our host, "Tha's the sort o'feller I like; takes his whack and nods off like a lamb, sir!" There must have been some present of a different habit, for I was roused by the sounds of blows upon the other side of the room, and the rector quelling the brawl by threatening to turn the combatants out into the weather. "Keep your hands down, gentlemen, or, 'pon my soul I'll put ye into the churchyard to fight it out. I am under bond to my ordinary to allow no fighting in the rectory."

Late at night I awoke to find I was left with Mereweather and Macmahon, the others having been carried to their beds; my weight, as I afterward learned, having saved me from this indignity.

Sitting motionless with my eyes shut, awaiting the pleasure of my host, for I hold it a solecism to offer to retire before the master of the house gives signal—sitting thus, I say, sober and refreshed

by my nap, I was presently aware that the two men were no strangers, but well-acquainted persons with something in common.

Had the talk shown signs of divulging more than a casual listener might hear, I should have broken in upon it, but, though well-drunk, the men knew what they were about, and the conversation was so guarded and general that it was only in recalling it subsequently, and piecing it out with information gleaned from other sources, that it acquired significance.

"... whitish as to the liver, eh?" The rector was the speaker. Macmahon chuckled. I supposed them to be discussing the fellow who had failed to return the blow.

"Half a Quaker. . . . Don't look for much trouble from him. I shall push him hard. Prinny must have more parliamentary interest, and this oaf . . ."

The sentence was not completed, possibly in response to some nudge, for I had stirred, half suspecting that they were speaking of me. It was the clergyman who resumed.

"When am I to have my deanery?" he asked thickly.

"Patience, my dear friend! Prinny isn't in power at the moment, as ye very well know. There is nothing to be gained by imporehuning the man just now. He got ye this rectory, and a minor canonry since."

"Confound the minor canonry! 'Tis nearly honorary, a beggarly two hundred, and no residence. Think of my services! Think of what I could tell, Mac!"

"I am thinking ye have taken enough of your excellent port for one sitting, me dear canon . . ."

"And the copy certificate of baptism in my keeping, major; and the child in the hands of people I know. And, begad, she must be a lump of a girl by this. October 'ninety-three, it was,

and a devilishly cleverly-managed affair it was, though I say it; and me a boy in deacon's orders at the time. And the lass must be a bouncing young thing by this, Mac, twelve off. And I get no forrarder, begad. *Where is my deanery, I say?*" Somebody thumped the board, and I received a kick beneath the table, from Macmahon, as I thought, and accepted as a hint to back him in demanding leave to get to our beds. A sonorous yawn and the pushing back of my chair restored harmony. Flat candlesticks appeared.

At the stair-head the canon offered his hand. "G-goo'night, t'ye genelman! B-by the by, d'ye know that Mister Pitt is dead? The news came . . ."

"Dead?" echoed Macmahon, sobered upon the instant. "Why did not ye tell me sooner? By the lord Harry, that is serious! Mr. Fanshawe will not object to an early start. Weather or no weather, I must get to Prinny. We will try it with six horses."

"A dud-dozen, if it suits ye, Mac; 'needs must when the devil d-drives,' ye know," hiccuped our host.

But a foot of snow fell that night, and though a quick thaw had set in, traveling was out of the question.

I was the only man of the house-party to share the rector's breakfast and accompany him to church.

"There lies my predecessor in this living," said he, directing my attention to a gravestone up to its neck in a drift which hid all of the inscription save the introductory initials; "R.I.P. they put over him, and well they might, for a bigger rip was never screwed down."

I was seldom in a colder church, or a barer. The drip from the roof was continuous, pools of snow-water stood upon the uneven pavement of the nave. Rotting poppyheads, worm-eaten and green with mould, leaned this way and that. Some windows were bricked-up for safety. The huge nave and aisles were empty, the chancel, the only

weather-tight part of the building, was occupied by six prosperous-looking farmers, three on a side, their dogs between their knees. Halfway through the rapidly-read sermon one of the animals crossed over and pinned an opponent which had been grinning at him through the service. The two owners arose, and were proceeding to kick the contestants apart, but were stayed by the rector, who, keeping a finger upon his place, leaned across his pulpit-cushion saying, "Let 'em alone. I put a crown upon the bridle."

At the lychgate the whole congregation, and several visitors from neighboring parishes, awaited our spiritual guide, soliciting permission to be present at the cocking.

It takes all sorts to make a world. The older I grow the more tolerant I find myself. These were good-hearted Englishmen, as I saw whilst watching them at their sport; but, the gulf between them and Abel—!

We were weather-bound at Oxgarth until the Tuesday forenoon, a delay ill-brooked by my fellow traveler, whose temper was not at its best when the courtesies of leave-taking were past.

He started catechising me upon my parliamentary interest.

"Ye have five seats at your disposal, Fanshawe?"

I assented with a silent inclination, finding in myself no desire to talk politics about which I knew nothing with a stranger of whose designs I was growing suspicious.

"Austerlitz was a smack on the mark for him," he said, and I knew he spoke of Mr. Pitt, who had taken the defeat of the Russians sorely to heart.

"The opposition, with the Prince's friends to stiffen them, may be able to force a dissolution, d'ye see, Fanshawe? And every honest man must stand by the Prince, sir. Am I making myself plain, sir?"

"I hear what you say, Major, but fail to understand in what way I am concerned. I have lived much abroad, and very retired, for some years, and have never interfered in any election, nor asked a tenant his intentions."

"Then, my dear sir, I can only deplore your supineness in the past, and express a confident hope that in the coming struggle His Royal Highness shall have your interest. No! Don't be saying a word. Permit me to finish. You have for long been seeking military employment . . ."

I stiffened, and sitting in such contiguity, he must have felt me stiffen. "I have not invited Major Macmahon to discuss my affairs," I began; but he interposed brusquely.

"Granted, me dear sir, granted! But, situated as I am, there is not much that goes on in the services, nor in society, nor in the Public Offices, nor, for that matter, in Town, which is unknown to John Macmahon. Yourself, for example; I have been aware of your hopes for years past, I could tell ye precisely whom ye have approached, and by whose influence ye have been blocked. Until this juncture it has been no interest of mine to hinder or to help ye. The case of poor Beau Vyze has naturally stood in your way.—Do not interrupt me, if ye please, I am expressing no opinion upon your conduct, or your brother's: I merely refer to the fact, which ye won't deny, that the man died in your hands under very regrettable circumstances, and that the inquest disclosed an extraordinary condition of affairs, which, if I may say so without offense, did ye no good, sir."

This was such an astounding presentation of the facts that I knew not where to begin. The person referred to, a Mr., or Beau Vyze—(Pierce Butler was his real name)—had been formerly my elder brother, Lord Blakenham's racing partner. This man had

died in my presence, choked by the loaded dice with which he had won large sums from my friend Robert Dawnay and myself in the course of a night's play, and which, on being taxed with the fraud, he was attempting to swallow.

After a moment's reflection I bowed, "Go on with your story, if it please you, Major. You have the facts wrong, but I am not concerned to correct you."

He must have misunderstood my complaisance. I am not easily roused, and had made up my mind to suffer his company. The man was my guest, and it behooved me to indulge his humors. Naturally his talk recalled the overheard conversation at the rectory, but, I was never extreme to call a man to account for what he may say in liquor.

This was another matter. Drunk he was not, though overbearing, and even slightly offensive.

He replied with heat, seizing the one word which I had used which admitted of misconception.

"'Correct' me, sirrah?—I am not a man whom it is safe to 'correct'! 'Story' indeed!—When I give ye the facts, sir, those are *the* facts, d'ye hear? Well, sir, such being your personal history, it is no wonder that your sovereign has seen fit to decline your services, more especially as your only term with the colors was in the Funky Fifth."

Again I bowed, and after a short pause, in which he seemed to be considering how to treat my persistent silence, he resumed. "But, that is a matter which might be got over. His Majesty's condition is pretty well known, his mentals, I mean," tapping his forehead. "Something might be done through the Duke of York, or Mrs. Clarke, to put it broadly: especially since the death of your friend Lady Betty," he chuckled. "Ha, ye had not heard of that? Nor that Sir Moberly is retired? I should not have

told ye of either piece of news, for it has been the in-fighting of that precious pair which has grassed ye every round. That Ganthony woman was a tartar: I knew her!"

And still I sat mute, and more easily, for here was food for thought. The two persons named, Sir Moberly and Lady Betty, had been my persistent enemies; the latter by her first marriage mother of a deplorable rascal who, years before, had attempted my life and suffered the death penalty.

Of their relationship to the dead felon I had learned only a few weeks earlier, when at their instance, my passports had been canceled, and myself warned against taking up a Swedish commission.

The document lay in my pocket; I was upon my way to Town to interest my friends in lifting the embargo, and, here upon the road learned that the obstructors were removed.

What was my companion driving at? With what object was he annoying me? Meanwhile he had fallen silent, and so remained until we reached Derby, where we lay for the night.

The proposal to break a journey for which he desired haste was his. We dined together, and I fancied his mood changed for the better, but, with the wine he began again, and upon my civilly declining to take my parliamentary patronage out of Abel's hands, rose and flung out of the room with an oath. So far as I could gather, for he spoke fast, and with heat, he had offered me the Prince's good offices to obtain for me a military appointment in exchange for my influence.

The consideration was absurd. According to the tariff for such things five votes for the duration of a parliament constituted a valuable commodity. Abel Ellwood had thrice refused large sums for his patronage. For such wares as these a captaincy in the Swedish Horse was neither here nor

there; had I been in the market, I mean, which, of course I was not.

Supposing the man had retired for the night I drew up my chair to the hearth and was exploring those far-away, enchanted caverns which a child or young man can find in a big coal fire, wondering idly too, how this was going to turn out, and how much longer I should be in it, and away from her.

Then my mood grew sour. The undigested annoyances of the day threw up, the veiled insults of my discourteous guest recurred and began to burn. I tried to confine my thoughts to things indifferent, but failed. My nerves were jangled; 'twould be worse than useless to go to a strange bed thus. Nor would I give way to the prompting of a lower nature that suggested a stiff nightcap.

I was miserably lonely. And whilst sitting thus, hand in fob, and foot on fender, the door, which Major Macmahon must have left ajar, opened a few inches and a small black-and-tan terrier bitch crawled into the room. The creature approached me with subdued whining, and pauses to ascertain the extent of her welcome, and finding me sympathetic, reached me with a little run and made rings about my ankle, rapping the hearthrug with her tail and regarding me with big tearful eyes.

I could guess her case. I had seen a litter of drowned pups upon the stable midden. Here was a wretch as lonely and as bereaved as I, and equally the handiwork of a God Whom we are told hateth nothing that He has made.

Lifting the poor thing to my lap by the roll of loose skin behind her ears, I let her scrape, and crouch, and shudder, and weep her fill. At times, wrung by a passion of misery for which she must find appeasement, she would utter an inward yelp and lift a cold nose to my cheek, whimpering sorely.

"God be good to thee, little bitch," I whispered. "There be two of us in

it; and He knows how thou and I shall win out. But, He *does* know!"

A tap upon my door aroused me. A waiter entered with a card. Colonel Tull desired the honor of an interview. My visitor was unknown to me. He was in mufti, and introduced himself as commandant of the Tenth Hussars quartered in the town. He then proceeded to deliver the cartel of Major Macmahon, and to request the name of my friend.

I am, as you know, a slow-witted fellow, but upon occasion my brains can work as fast as another man's. The first thing which I perceived was that nothing which I might say to the Colonel would avail me. Of course the whole thing was a plant, but naught was to be gained by denouncing it to him.

My next thought was that so far as the object of my journey was concerned, a refusal to fight, or even hesitancy in carrying through this affair, would effectually close all doors opening upon a military career. Outrageous as the challenge was, I must go out with my man, or, if any alternative were to be found, such must be sought by my second, not through his.

"Colonel," said I, "I reached this place this afternoon, and had thought to have left it tomorrow. I have no weapons. I know not a soul in Derby by name, and must ask ye to provide me with a friend, and whatever is necessary."

The man unbent slightly, I saw that he disliked his errand. One of his majors had accompanied him; had *chanced* to accompany him, he assured me, and was in the house. Would I accept? I would. The major, Seathwaite by name, was introduced, and the colonel bowed himself out.

I regret that I am unable to describe these gentlemen more particularly, but, for a reason which I will proceed to assign, I took but small note of them

Both were worthy fellows, I am sure, but they seemed to me at the time supers in an ill-staged play, and when the curtain was rung down later I felt no especial desire to see them again.

The cause of this lack of interest was a deep mental depression which had been growing upon me ever since I started south. A sense of loss, bereavement, and grief traveled with me by day, and lay with me o' night. She was gone. I had lost her whom I loved, and the world she had graced and left was ashes in my mouth.

This sense of detachment grew at times until the only reality seemed the world of my thought. The chatter and encroachment of my guest, except when carried to extremes, hardly affected me, and I am inclined to think that my inattention and dreaminess had piqued him into experiments upon my patience.

From this lethargy of the spirits I must now arouse myself. Ringing for the waiter, and inviting my second to order what he chose, I set him a chair and put him in possession of the facts.

"Then ye are unaware of having given offense?" he asked.

"None has been given, sir. For two days I have shared my chaise,—my own, mark ye,—with Major Macmahon, until then a stranger to me. I have seldom opened my lips. He, on the other hand, appears to be a loquacious person, and has conversed upon a variety of subjects; but, my mind being engrossed with matters of my own, I may possibly have failed to give the gentleman all the attention to which he conceived himself entitled.

"If this be his complaint I am ready to express my regret for an inadvertent want of hospitality. . . . Ye understand?"

"I will see my colonel," said he, and left the room. In five minutes he was back, closed the door carefully and shook his head.

"No go, sir. I can make neither head nor tale of the quarrel—which is, as ye say, all on one side. But, fight he will. He claims to have made ye some offer, or proposal, though of what nature he declines to state, saying you will understand; and, in a word, Mr. Fanshawe, I am sorry to tell you, that he refuses to accept your apology, and, short of your agreeing to his terms, whatever they may be, he demands a shot at ye.

"Damnably unreasonable, I call it, and went as far as I could in remonstrance with my C.O., who, I think, agrees with me, but . . . Ye know whom ye have to deal with? It is Macmahon, the Prince's man, a devil of a fellow! His Royal Highness took him into his service twenty years ago upon his record. A marvelous shot, and a mighty cool, daring, rake-helly Irishman he must have been. One of the Dublin bucks. They say Tiger Roche was civil to him."

I could read the man he spoke of and his story. The heir to the throne in his hot youth had led a singularly irregular life, and had found himself at times in unpleasant predicaments, to extricate him from which all the impudence, address and courage of his henchman had been needed. "Mr. Blackstock" had kept better company of late, and Major Macmahon's pistol had been in less request than his genius for intrigue. This cartel might be construed as a return to the artist's earlier manner.

I spoke. "Cannot I oblige him? you ask; I cannot. His demand, as you shall see, affects not myself only, but hundreds of others, to whom I conceive I owe a duty. I am the owner, Major, of certain parliamentary boroughs. This Macmahon, whom I never met until Saturday last, and who has forced his company upon me, puts forward a preposterous demand that I shall place my five seats at the disposal of the Prince."

My second whistled softly, his eyes rounding as he realized my quality and the nature of the dispute. "Begad, sir, this is a cut above me. The way you put it the thing is monstrous! And, as there is not a word in writing, nor any expression heard by third parties, let alone a blow struck, I shall demand a court of honor. . . . Not a party man myself, and know as little of politics as a soldier should, but"—he laughed drily—"I have always understood that a man's boroughs were his private property, and, if a gentleman traveling in his own chaise is to be intruded upon, bullied, and called out on a point such as this, why, damme, 'tis next door to highway robbery. The fellow is holding a pistol to your head, sir, and . . . " he paused and took off his glass, carefully refilled it, and went on more slowly, and with a slightly changed voice, "Likely enough ye are not a fighting man? . . . My colonel had got that impression. . . . He knows ye, my C.O., I mean?"

"No. Colonel Tull and I have never met until this evening. I hardly know whether I am what ye would call a fighting man or not. I have been out, if that counts, and have been winged, and have winged my man. . . . Poor wretch!" said I beneath my breath, thinking of Ganthony, long since rotting underground in his felon's grave, and of that thick, wet morning on Bootham Stray. "Well, Major, 'tis a bad cause of quarrel, as ye say, nor do I suppose a Court of Honor would insist on my meeting him, but, as it happens, I have a fool fancy to try my luck."

He visibly brightened.

"Yes. Tell your colonel to place us somewhere in the dry early tomorrow, and make the ground as short as he pleases; for, between ourselves, I don't fancy being crippled. Yes, I think I see my way through this little trouble. Pray, fill your glass, sir."

This was the exact truth. An in-

tolerable yearning to be out of it all, to rejoin, if I might, my little mistress, had suddenly welled up within me.

After all a Court of Honor would not be indulgent to an ex-officer of the Carabineers, the regiment which broke at Castle Bar; nor too critical of a friend of the Prince. Nor would the decision, if in favor, replace me in my service, nor get me leave to join my Swedes. As things were I was Society's outcast, forbid to travel, forbid to serve, and stood to be baited by any roadside stranger. The prospect disgusted, I'd have no more on't. A Christian may not take his own life, but the rules, if not the laws, of my country and class permitted me to stand in front of another man's pistol. . . . She had promised to be with me. . . . Had she foreseen this issue? . . . How much do the dead know? . . . I wondered. (I am wondering still. . . .) Of course my chance of life was small. Such a man as Macmahon could hardly miss me at ten paces.

It never occurred to me for an instant that I should return his fire.

Leaving the arrangements in the hands of my second, I called for my candle. As I stood before my glass loosening my stock it struck me that in all probability I was doing so for the last time. The situation was curious: was I responsible for it? I thought not. Could I pray upon it? Could I take my Maker into my confidence? I did, and whether from habit, or mental insensibility, was presently asleep.

I awoke in the dark with an extraordinary sense of prosperity and hope upon me, and lay for a minute asking myself why this was so. There could be nothing physical about it. The bed was, as is usual in my experience, too short for me, and I lay upon feathers which I dislike.

Something had befallen me since I lay down, for after having closed my

eyes with a burden upon my spirits, and under a sense that this was my last night upon earth, I awaked with the bounding, breathless joyousness of a boy upon a hunting morning who feels his horse and himself upon the best of terms, and knows in his heart that it is his day.

I surprised myself in a low, happy little laugh. I stopped and considered when I had last laughed thus. *With her. She had been with me!* Nay, she had but that moment left me. Her presence filled the room, which murmured with the vibration of her parting word! A great and joyous awe fell upon me. I steadied myself, and lay with open lips staring at the dark ceiling. She was keeping touch with me all the time. Nothing could harm me if this were so, and whether I fell and died within the next two hours, or lived, as I had scarce the right to expect, all would be well with me.

A maid knocked with my shaving-water and word that Major Seathwaite awaited me below, and had taken the liberty to order breakfast. I sprang lightly from my bed, shaved, dressed, and descended at a run to the small, candle-lit sitting-room in which my second stood with his back to a smoky fire. The good fellow received my hearty salutation and handshake with stammering surprise, and scanned me sidelong as I ate and drank.

"Ye will be glad to hear, Mr. Fanshawe, that 'tis agreed we are the insulted party. I stiffened my back and got my C.O. to insist. His man put up a bit of a fight, I think, but we carried it.

"What ye said last night has been carefully considered. The ground is quite the shortest of any of which I have had experience. There should be no question of missing, or wounding ye understand; and . . . er . . . I am under the impression that your man sees that he has misunderstood the situation.

"*Lay him out*, me dear sir, the fellow is a perfect blister! I assure ye I have heard that of him since I left ye last night which makes my gorge rise.

"Pistols? . . . All arranged. Ask no questions, leave it to me. Ye shall hear everything upon the ground, and you, at all events, shall have no cause for complaint. . . . Our regimental armorer understands locks," he smiled knowingly. . . . "Is that the coach?"

It was. In ten minutes we were at the barracks and were shown into the riding-school. The light was coming, but the ends of the building were still dusk. In the center, beneath a low, cobwebbed skylight, stood a common deal table. Beyond it, in some obscurity, I observed my opponent, a pistol-case under his arm, taking snuff with his second. I bowed. Both returned my salutation.

The colonel came to the table, halted and blew his nose noisily, flicked a straw from the board with the bandanna, repouched it and took post, giving each of us a side-face.

"Gentlemen. The conditions of this meeting are as follows: Mr. Fanshawe, having no pistols of his own, we have agreed by way of evening the odds, that the affair shall be fought with weapons which neither party has handled before."

I saw my opponent start, and make as though he would speak, but his hand fell to his side again, and the colonel, ignoring the gesture, was already well into his second sentence, which gave us to know that the weapons would be laid upon the table with their muzzles touching: that the principals would be placed ten paces upon either side of the board with their backs to one another, and at the word *Three* would be at liberty to approach the table.

"You may go at what pace ye like, but on reaching the pistols ye must each take the one which lies nearest to your hand,—no selection, if you please,—

and fire instantly. Which done, the man who had delivered his fire, must remain as he stands, whether he has hit or missed, and receive the fire of his opponent across the table."

"A demned pelican-race!" snarled Major Macmahon in dudgeon.

"I am satisfied," said I, and this was the truth, for so fresh and strong was the impression of my unremembered waking dream that I was never in better or more careless spirits. It would be over inside of a minute, and I out of this, and, God willing, with her!

"There is one more point, gentlemen," said the colonel drily. "The pistols are my own, I loaded them. Major Seathwaite, who has never seen the weapons before, shall place them. No second shot will be permitted upon any condition whatever. Did I hear ye make an observation, Major?" he asked turning towards Macmahon, who had uttered a smothered imprecation.

"Absurd!—Unusual! No second shot?—The deuce and all!—But, that is for me to say!"

"Am I to accept that as a protest, Major? You are at liberty to leave the ground, but, if this meeting is to go forward it must be upon the conditions agreed to by the seconds. . . . O, ye *do* agree? Then, gentlemen, we will proceed to place ye."

At this moment the regimental surgeon appeared carrying a little case.

The seconds stepped out the ground, marked the tan with their heels, and set us back to back twenty paces apart, with the fateful table midway between us. I heard the dull little sounds made by the pistol-butts upon the wood, as Seathwaite set the weapons in position. Then, the colonel having sonorously cleared his throat, began:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?—At the word *three*, if you please; and let there be no reserving his fire by the first man at the table. Now! One,—two,—THREE!"

By the time I had turned my opponent was already half-way to the table. I was making my third step, moving deliberately, and with a mind full of wonder as to what it would feel like. I took it all in, the weapons were long-barreled, holster-arms, heavy in the butt. Macmahon, springing along, had reached the table, had seized his pistol, had swung sideways, and was toising me with deliberate swiftness. But his fire delayed. Still moving, I looked down the very barrel. "He holds high," thought I, "I shall get it in the head or throat," and felt lighter, for a ball in the body may make tedious dying.

"Fire, sir!" roared the colonel.

A ball of smoke jumped from the muzzle, which flew up; the man was driven half round by the kick. I must have started, or stopped, for I thought myself a dead man, but finding myself unhurt, and hearing Macmahon squealing a curse, and seeing him clasping the wrist of his pistol-hand with his left, I resumed my advance without hurry or remark. Dazed and breathless, back to life after bidding it adieu; my feet carried me forward.

"Confound you, sir, come on and finish it!" barked the man at the table, and I saw very well, for we were now but three feet apart, and directly beneath the light, that he was ash-gray to the lips, and oppressed by the imminence of death. My heart overflowed with pity for him. I would not have hurt him for the world.

As I lifted my pistol I saw his right hand, which he had released and let hang by his side, rise with a certain movement peculiar and significant. The action was never completed, but I am convinced that the man had begun to cross himself.

Lord, with what a rush thought comes in moments of tension! My dream had been no dream! She was with me all the time; and though I might forget

her, she did not forget me. If my spirits had risen at the forecast of immediate reunion, they did not sensibly abate at the prospect of life on such terms. Was it possible that there was work for me somewhere? I would play out my innings and see. She had certainly said it. But, first let me put this miserable wretch across the table out of his misery.

"Major," I said, "I have no quarrel with you, as you know. Why should I blow your brains out? I had rather have your company to town. . . . There!" I discharged the weapon into the tan at my feet, and never yet handled a pistol so hard on the trigger, nor so palpably overcharged. The secret of his missing me was out.

What followed took not only me, but every man present by surprise. I can

only explain it upon the assumption that hard living had affected the major's nerve. He flushed apoplectically, and after damning me and the seconds, the pistols, the light, and things in general, broke into harsh laughter, choked, and setting both hands upon the table, leaned over them and burst into a labored sobbing which grew worse and worse.

"Run away, me dear sir, ye are killing him," whispered the colonel in my ear, and turning to the surgeon, he cried, "What are ye staring at? Where is the brandy?"

"Water!" I countermanded, and turning to the seconds, begged that they would leave me with my friend Major Macmahon.

They left the building without a word, much amazed men.

(To be continued.)

HENRY JAMES.

The life that an artist lives within the borders of his art, the adventure of his imagination, has never been more fully set forth than it is in the work of Henry James. He has left, in the long and unbroken succession of his books, what is surely the most complete of all statements of the "literary case," as he might have called it himself. It is a statement, in the first place, by a man intensely—among masters of our own tongue, at any rate, one may as well say uniquely—aware of the nature of his task, a critic who took up the most haphazard of literary forms and turned it into the most ordered and finished; a statement, moreover, even in an age of ready writers, lavishly detailed and voluminous. A fastidiously critical gift is supposed to mean sterility in production; most kinds of fluency can only cover the ground by neglecting many scruples. Henry James not only neglected none, but he cultivated them, as

some thought, beyond the limit of fanaticism. Yet his work is no slender growth, checked and hampered in its movement by so much care, but a broad and gathering stream, flowing steadily year by year and in full view, as unlike as possible to the rare and curious possession bequeathed to an enlightened few.

This very amplitude of his work, coupled with the fact of its increasing closeness of texture, is enough to prove that Henry James, in his search for perfection of form, faced towards the open, absorbing, for his peculiar use, an ever stronger and deeper impression of humanity. He was immensely fastidious, but his detestation of what was obvious or stale was as far as could be from making him shy of the touch of life. He rather exposed himself to it, with appreciative deliberation, more and more; and there was no one to whom every moment of experience appeared so thickly populous. All who knew

him must recall the splendid freedom with which he would throw open his imagination to receive the lightest appeal. This freedom, it is true, was in no way casual or promiscuous; nothing about him was ever that. Anything that might be offered him, sight or suggestion or play of thought, which was without character, without style, futile, insignificant, he swept from him in scorn. But for whatever had substance and reality, or was marked with the distinction of life, his welcome was instant and royal; it would be recreated in the crucible of his mind and given out again with rich profusion. There is not indeed a single aspect of his art which can be rightly apprehended except in the light of his genial, generous passion for the world and its fulness. He has described how from the beginning he saw in himself a spectator of life, one born to watch and brood over the part he would leave others to play. But to think of him as anywhere save at the heart of things, engaged in unnumbered relations and prodigal of his power, cannot be possible for a moment to those who possess the memory of his look and speech. The difference between this impartial onlooker and ordinary folk was that he, more than they all, refused to hoard the capacity of giving and taking, dealt bounteously in the interchange of human currency, set standards of liberality and comprehension by every thought and act. For such a man there could be no danger that his art would withdraw into itself, losing touch with the world. His whole life, rather, would be lived in his art, his art would fill his life. So it was; and so it happens that his work, in its rounded completion, is his portrait.

A critical account of his fiction, within the space of a few pages, is out of the question; moreover, he wrote it himself, by no means in a few pages, in the prefaces to the collected editions

of his novels. That wonderful commentary awaits and entices a critic, though apparently so far in vain. In a brief sketch it is only possible to indicate the barest outline of an achievement so strange and new, not attempting to appraise its final value, but simply following through certain phases the development of the most original novelist of our time.

Of his earliest work there was very little that he allowed in the end to survive; most of the tales of his youth—and many of later years—were ruthlessly excluded from the edition in which, a few years ago, he arrayed and revised so much of his fiction as could pass his scrutiny. When we remember the kind of criticism he would bend, out of the ripeness of his experience, on the unsuspecting novelist who came his way, it is easy to understand that his own far-away beginnings may have seemed to him somewhat thin. No doubt they were; in contrast, indeed, with the rich and aureate harvest of his maturity, their pallor is only too striking. Yet there was one respect in which the slightest of his early anecdotes and sketches of character were always remarkable, and doubly so as the production of a very young man. Surprising, certainly, is the self-command with which their author selects just those few light handfuls of life he could be sure of accounting for, and refrains from embarrassing himself with another blade or fibre; but this, perhaps, was not their most promising feature, and it might have been supposed that such circumspection was too precocious to be fruitful. Rarer and a great deal more significant was the perfectly sure instinct with which the youthful writer was able, as he surveyed his world, to distinguish good quality, native excellence—the “finer grain,” in his own phrase—from the mass of inferiority in which it is always entangled, devoting his skill to

whatever would take the stamp of art most sensitively and refusing to squander it upon the rest. This gift, more than all the demure and finished composure of those days, was to become the heart round which there clustered the fruition of later years.

It is, in fact, by this sharp sense for life at its most alert, intelligence at its highest lucidity, feeling at its most exquisitely timed vibration, that the novel of Henry James is ultimately directed. Every one of his later developments was controlled by the single desire to make the very most of the very best. He had large ideas, as we know, about the very most that could be made of a thing; the cry sometimes went up that they spread beyond the limits of breathable air. But it is not through either wonder or dismay, whichever it may be, that the mere difficulties of his final form are likely to be solved. They were not arbitrary, nor were they the result of a failing control of his purpose. They were entirely natural, and the clue is surely to be found in his imperious demand, on behalf of art, for an utterly satisfying task. Nothing could be too good for art; and the seeing eye discerns in life particular shining threads which offer to art the occasion for the fullest display of its power. Henry James sought patiently, consistently, and passionately for these. However critical he might be of the manner in which the picture was drawn, he was not less exacting in his choice of the matter to be represented; and this because neither matter nor manner, except at their most perfect, could fitly co-operate with the other. As fine material awaits the deft hand, deft hand seeks fine material; both are wasted until they meet. Henry James is too often regarded as the devotee of curious workmanship, the novelist who lost sight of the end in the means. Certainly he always gave his subject as much expansion as it could

possibly bear; that was a point of honor with him. But it was only as his theme grew deeper and denser that the more mazy ramifications of his fancy were allowed to flourish. The degree to which they finally budded and branched shows the force of the straining, exuberant, insistent life that he found in the images he chose to represent. He would touch no others.

The population of his novels, first and last, ranging as they do over two shores of an ocean, some the freshest offshoots of a new and untried society, others toned and polished by centuries of tradition, the lightest, the weightiest, the most scarred and ravaged of his characters—all are alike in this, that they can all be trusted to respond at once and freely to the pressure of experience. The sight of Roderick Hudson, radiant in the spring of his genius, raised a whole chapter of his friend's existence to the acutest pitch; if Roderick had been able to support the burden of his gift and to become the greatest sculptor of the world, he could never have been a sharper event than he was, for his brief flash, in the quick consciousness of Rowland Mallet. Christopher Newman, faced in his provincial blankness by the romance of the distinguished old portals of the Faubourg St. Germain, stood in most pictorial contrast with the life inside them; but his story is much more than the mere account of what happened to him; it is in his own long ruminating gaze, as it penetrated the ancient precincts and finally turned away with a loftier pride than their own. An event or an incident, in Henry James's view, even of the kind usually considered most stirring, is in itself of no moment. All depends upon the quality of the life which it affects; if it hurls itself against a dull surface it can have no history. Isabel Archer, in "The Portrait of a Lady," her charm, her candor, her

cleverness, her capacity for seeing and feeling and learning—not only is the story of her youth seen through these, but in a perfectly natural sense they *are* that story. Whatever happens to Isabel happens to her power of recognizing it; the men and women around her, and the things they do, are the men, women, things that she is able to perceive in them. Her life is no mere chronicle, pieced together by an impersonal observer. It is an enacting of the play of experience within the theatre of herself.

A vivid mind and a train of circumstance apt to kindle it; a difficult issue, a delicate relation, or simply an attuned and favoring atmosphere, with an imagination, at hand or in the forefront, ready to abound and create—these would spring to meet each other on a chance word or a momentary glimpse, and so the drama would be started. As time went on, Henry James tended more and more to surrender the action of his novels to the care of the remarkable people he chose to write about; he left it to them, that is, and to their crystal-edged insight, to show that they could raise what befell them into a region of dignity and beauty. Whether they always succeeded is another question. At least he uncompromisingly required them to put forward their best efforts, and gave them no trite or pointless matters to handle. They had an easier time, no doubt, in the days when he allowed them to move in the common world and to share it with their fellowmen. Afterwards, when he kept his elect souls more closely to their task, he had his own good reason for doing so; but this was not until he had taken full stock of the various life he happened to have mixed in. Though he finally lavished all his art on the problem of reproducing the whole reverberation, without losing the faintest echo, of some doubt or difficulty or triumph through a receptive and re-

tentive mind, he had long been held by the world of characters and classes, of manners and customs, and had written many books in which its display was fully faced. In this part of his work he was greatly favored by the chances of his own time.

An American of his quality and opportunities was certain to be cosmopolitan. Europe drew him and kept him fast, but a man of less insatiable imagination might have found that he had lost his own country without discovering another. Even as it was, there were years in which Henry James evidently felt that he must be careful where he trod. Daisy Miller was a very graceful little apparition; and her good faith, which might have seemed rather futile, was saved by the pretty, fugitive tints it assumed against the *patina* of corrupt and experienced old Europe. But Daisy Miller, even if she was not, as her creator was afterwards inclined to admit, a figment of pure romance, was at most a slender resource; and, when Francie Dossen and Pandora and a few other sister maidens had joined her, the tale of the "slip of a girl" from America was undoubtedly complete. Isabel Archer was of course a different matter; she had vistas of tradition behind her and infinite development to come, while Daisy had nothing whatever except the bubble of transatlantic buoyancy on which she floated. The one fully organized and purely American activity was not social but commercial; and that crowded volume, much to his regret, was closely sealed to his observation. Thus, even while his name and fame were being made by the lightness of hand with which he placed America against the scene of Europe, it appears that he himself was strongly conscious of the tenuity of his material in this direction. There was profusion elsewhere, however. He had been inoculated with the "virus of Europe" as he called it, at a tender age; and the

stuff had so worked in him that when (at five and twenty) he settled in Europe for good, he was prepared to feast, with the loss of never another minute, on the fruitage of an ancient civilization. The only danger was that it might be impossible to concentrate in the midst of so great plenty.

He avoided this danger, the lure of the cosmopolitan, because it chanced that he knew exactly what he wanted and was under no temptation to trifle with anything else. Most analytic of observers, he yet deliberately circumscribed his curiosity and never allowed it to wander vaguely. Just as he never wrote a line of verse or listened, one would gather, to a note of music, so there were whole tracts of thought, speculative, scientific, scholastic, which he passed without a glance. His one preoccupation was the criticism, for his own purpose, of the art of life; and to this his matchless power of discrimination was singly devoted. Life in its first rawness was of small account to him; what he desired was life moulded and shaped, life toned by the sun and rain of years of history. This is the world which tells in every feature what it is and what it has been; the layers of association lie closely on it, revealing all it has achieved and endured. Henry James followed the track of this manner of life with untiring patience. "The brooding analyst," he called himself; he was absorbed by the spirit of haunted places and old time-weathered societies. He explored their drama, in Rome, in Paris, in London; and in scores of studies, longer and shorter, he recorded their charm. The "international light" was that in which he most naturally seized it at first, but it was the deep soft background that was really the chief factor in the scene. It played its part through many pages in which sun-drenched Italian hills, the silver-blue clarity of French streets and squares, or the dense rumor of our own sonorous city—to

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name these out of a hundred such effects—are so imagined that they appear, not described, but aroused and inspired to action.

The international light, however, as he gradually perceived, was romantic. It was the glow of his more or less ingenuous delight in Europe, a charming fancy properly indulged until it had yielded its full measure of happy effects. His strong and restless mind could not be satisfied with it for long. Embedded in the mellow picturesqueness of Europe was something richer than romance; and it can hardly be straining a point to note that, as his surrender to the old world became confirmed, so he was drawn away from the places of traditional enchantment to the more soberly tinted climate in which he presently made his home. England and London at any rate possessed him at last; and there was nothing fanciful in the spell by which they achieved it. We can be under no delusion concerning the attraction to which, through so many years of his mature and best work, Henry James was constantly faithful. We know how many "poor sensitive gentlemen," in his phrase, he set to confront the solid and ruthless assault of English life; with what awful assurance it ignored their scruples; how clearly it showed its intention of dealing as it chose with all such refinements and hesitations. In the two volumes which he called "Terminations" and "Embarrassments" the theme is taken up at point after point; the calamity of those who fall out of the race, who are less robust than their neighbors, who desire to linger and watch, or who have simply and weakly died—if this is the drama of London, the author of "Broken Wings," "The Great Good Place," "The Altar of the Dead," and a score of other packed impressions, is its master dramatist. At the same time, if it attracted him, there must have been more in it

than the mere purposeless triumph of will and vigor.

There was in it precisely what he sought and what he celebrated wherever he found it—there was style. In "The Spoils of Poynton" the terrible Mrs. Gereth, with her wondrous passion for a few fine sticks of old furniture, has style in such intensity that she becomes historic. If the gestures of her character and her resolution had been a thought less free, less supple, or less perfectly timed, she and her furniture and her fixed idea would all have been uninteresting together. As it is, by the clean finish of everything she does and says and thinks, her whole wrong-headed business is lifted into distinction. So, too, Kate Croy in "The Wings of the Dove," and Charlotte in "The Golden Bowl," are handsome and wonderful; their friends knew it well, and have no meaner words to describe them with. Yet it was only the brilliant ease with which they took their predatory way that made them into matter for such enormous argument. To people so infinitely intelligent and yet so free from mental or moral embarrassment, so composed in their acceptance of questionable means and yet so lucid in apprehending them, so hard and fine in their armature and yet so alert to the least flicker of grace—to such people the tribute at least must be paid of recognizing that they give, wherever they go, direction and significance to the life around them. They need no advantages beyond the fact of being handsome and wonderful; they may even be so placed that the grand step before them, if they are to impose their will, is something that sounds as little heroic as to cheat a friend for money. Still less do they need to be vulgarly successful. Kate fails in the end, as Charlotte fails; there is a power they have not reckoned with. But both have succeeded magnificently in this, that they have created and sus-

tained and realized a drama. It was the success that their author demanded of them.

To say that these singular women represented a strain which Henry James found to be peculiarly English—this is to raise a good many questions, no doubt. It must be enough to answer that, added to their native vigor, they have the effectiveness which is the result of a considerable experience of the world. They know very well how to look after themselves, as we say. But this fearless activity, in a seasoned race that has long lost the good faith of mere ignorance, may take its most exquisite color when it is displayed, not mercilessly, but by eager and beneficent youth. Before Kate and Charlotte were heard of, Nanda and Maisie had shown what they could do. Not London only might have bred these enchanting creatures, and elsewhere, too, their blossom might perhaps have been as rudely exposed; but possibly that responsible bravery, that deft and reasonable tenderness, in meeting and dealing with situations so incongruous, may be claimed as belonging to the soil. The point need not be labored; the main thing is, after all, that in "The Awkward Age" and "What Maisie knew" there are two of the freshest flowers of maidenhood to be found in books. Nanda appears in the midst of a society which manages to combine a queer sort of preciosity with a very practical pursuit of amusement—a most credible picture of modern manners. She who, descending from the schoolroom to the drawing-room, might have been expected to embarrass the wisdom of her elders by her young curiosity, does indeed put them to discomfiture, but by the clear-sighted instinct with which she perceives them, bends the grace of her understanding on them, and goes her way. And Maisie—if Nanda is rare, Maisie is unique. Her crystalline imagination and her wild-flower purity,

in the dawning and gathering daylight of experience—this is unmatched elsewhere, except in life. She is bestowed upon parents who have the gift, if ever man and woman had, of touching nothing in the world but to make it vulgar. She is at the mercy of their loud high brilliance as well as of the lavish arts of their meanness; she is used by them, capriciously fondled or neglected, as the instrument of their mutual spite. Surrounded by this tawdry rubbish, her simplicity might have bloomed pathetically; but Maisie is far above mere pathos. She lives and grows, not helpless, but alert with a flame of candor and good will; and at the end of her childhood her atrocious world has been able to do nothing but to make her sweetness more perfect.

All the life that went to the making of these books had a substance on which the art of fiction, as Henry James understood it, could fasten firmly. It would support the most penetrating "treatment"—the word he always kept for that manner of telling a story which would entirely reveal its dramatic or pictorial value. To "treat," in this sense, a figure or scene or motive, had long meant to him a great deal more than to describe it. It was useless, he said, for a writer to offer us his "mere poor word of honor" that things happened so or appeared thus; he must represent them, and let us see for ourselves. He accordingly became, of all novelists, the one who most completely adjusted the method of drama to the form of narrative; who finally never "told" a story at all, but rendered it, point by point and scene by scene, in a succession of visual images. The reader sits like a spectator as they pass, receiving from each a single thread until at last the full skein is in his hand.

There is no new secret in this, of course; that a thing enacted is more vivid than a thing described is the oldest axiom in the book of the novelist. But

Henry James applied it far beyond them all; he applied it, indeed, in his later work always and everywhere. This was very new—so much so that few, it seems, would venture near it. A book like "The Awkward Age" created, by its author's account, an unpeopled desert around it in a world of novel-readers. Yet the strangeness of that finished episode lies simply in the fact that the characters are shown, their words recorded, their accent noted, consistently from without, no other access being ever granted to their inner intention. In other words, the reader is required to do what he does every day of his life, in all his dealings with mankind—he has to judge by appearances. "Attention of perusal I do indeed everywhere postulate," said Henry James; but we none of us meet this demand very often in the day, least of all when we read a novel. And even the manner of "The Awkward Age" was familiar compared with that which he used when he dramatized, not the actions of people, but the drift of thought within a mind. For here again he would not *narrate*; he exhibited the shapes as they appeared. The great transitions from scene to scene, so characteristic of his latest work, are all examples of this. Kate, Milly, and Densher in "The Wings of the Dove," Strether in "The Ambassadors," the Prince, Adam Verver, and the Princess in "The Golden Bowl"—each in turn is brooded over and watched; association, memory, premonition, are pictured as they pass across the depths of thought; except for the tell-tale tremor of the surface, not a hint is given of the stir underneath. But gradually the mood lapses and the outlook shifts. A fresh view opens, new possibilities emerge; it is time to be shown the outward expression in word and act, of what must follow.

The structure of these novels, if that is what they are to be called, is extremely simple. The scene is prepared, dis-

played, gathered up and prepared afresh. A score of examples might be chosen to show how dialogue is kept waiting until the atmosphere is ready for it, so that when talk begins, its lightest tone may freely sound out. The rule is still economy—never to use a heavy stroke when, by careful forethought, a finer may be made to yield the needed effect; and the reason is still in the enhanced and deepened beauty of the impression so suggested. How Susan Stringham, on a day of autumn wind and rain in Venice, visited Denzher and made her despairing appeal to him—as a detached episode this is nothing. The occasion is to both of them a climax of bewildered distress, yet it is almost true to say that not a phrase passes which might not have dropped in any casual encounter. As it is and where it is, with the thought of Milly, silent and stricken and exquisite, in her huge painted palace hard by, with the echo of Kate's fearless determination and the memory of her presence, with these and so many other admonitions diffused in the air, brimming the small darkened room and rounded by the first wild sea-storm that ends the Venetian summer—the briefest syllable has the force of a passionate and tragical outburst.

Still more ominously charged with unspoken language are the culminating scenes of "The Golden Bowl." Maggie, it will be remembered, has taken upon herself the task of dissolving the intrigue between her husband and her father's wife, and of doing so, in the strength of her entire devotion, without a single protesting or accusing word. The book is simply the record of a changing atmosphere; it begins with the light sunshine of a spring morning in London, it reaches its climax in the heavy blaze of a Kentish August. The whole situation turns upon itself, yet by gradations so fine that from moment to moment they are imperceptible.

Maggie alone, sustained and borne forward by an inspiration of courage and faith, accomplishes all. She never lapses from the standard she has decreed for herself, never breaks out, never disturbs the soundless beauty of the setting of her life. Her achievement is the triumph of an entirely selfless and intelligent passion; and even at its height, when she and Charlotte are at last face to face over their common knowledge of her victory she will not make one least movement to claim it openly. At such a point one possibly sees why Henry James more and more insisted that his own and his reader's view should never stray from the central matter in hand, till his small group of people seemed alone in an otherwise uninhabited universe. They had to distil the quintessence of a single situation; and the more securely he could isolate that situation against space, the more luminous in its intensity would be the result. In "The Ambassadors" the field of vision is larger, covering the whole wide spring-charm of his wonderful Paris. True to his law, he gathers it in, not by loosening his method, but rather by a still stricter application of it. Strether, with the mirror of his attention triply burnished, comprehends all the scene; and it is revealed through his eyes alone.

Strether, like the earlier American, gazes on Paris, but to very different purpose. Newman had come to wonder and had stayed to suffer disillusion; his was a simple case. Strether had traveled far beyond simplicity, in spite of the ingenuous nature of his errand. He arrives in Europe as the ambassador of an imperious New England dame, who has required him, if he loves her, to rescue her son from the ensnarement of the old world. He stays to be caught himself, and finally to watch with dismay while the young man coolly achieves his own liberation and elects,

of his own accord, to relapse into the commonplace out of which Paris had lifted him. This looks a trifle conventional; Europe, then, is still the Circean enchantress, bewitching in eternal romance; for a moment Strether seems to be back in the old days, recapturing the legendary delight of the first American in the gardens of the Tuileries. Not for long, however; the full measure of his responsibility is soon perceived. Henry James accounted "The Ambassadors" as on the whole his happiest work; and perhaps this was more than an artistic approval. For "The Ambassadors" was the full and final expression of all that Europe had meant to himself, of all that in half a lifetime, and more, it had poured into that great and noble imagination. More splendid homage has never been paid to the excellence and goodness of life. Europe might be the symbol, but he was now not only celebrating the charm of a time or a place; he was professing a faith. He believed in the world, held it to be worth every effort a man could make, and declared that to deny or reject it was the height of treason as well as the depth of folly. The undercurrent of his tale is indeed a rueful confession of something like failure, in the tone of one who has made, discovering it too late, the great refusal. Where, in a man capable of so profound an appreciation of the gift of life, there is to be recognized any sign of failure or of divorce from life's reality, it would be hard to say. To be insensible to no fine moment of experience, to endow each one with the richness of a broad and liberal genius—this is certainly a more substantial enjoyment of the world than is given to most. But his sense, with it all, of having failed to enter into full possession may only the more accentuate the high pride, the entire freedom from the touch of bitterness, with which he proclaimed his belief in the value, the

beauty, the supremacy of generous life.

In our age and race it seems a paradox that a man should be strongly and stoutly aware of responsibility without being a moralist; yet the contradiction was reconciled clearly enough in Henry James. His judgment was far too massively based to be content with the distinctions we habitually draw between things all alike essential to seemly being. The fabric, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, of a traditional civilization was, to him, one and indivisible, a princely possession to be guarded against crude violence and maintained with deliberate care. To the end of his life he showed the strength of one who was enough of a stranger, wherever he dwelt, to recognize, with a sense undulled, the gifts and the privileges which are mostly accepted without a thought by those who inherit them. Indeed, the more closely he was held by the claims and interests he found on this side of the Atlantic, the more intensely he became an American; and the slightest sketch of him, if it is to be characteristic, should emphasize this suggestion. "The American Scene," of ten years ago, was entirely misleading if, by its long-drawn irony or its serenely indulgent accents, it seemed to show that Henry James felt himself severed in the end from the land of his birth. It was not as an alien that he spread over the land, from Massachusetts to Palm Beach, that wonderful web, woven without seam, of description and fancy, nor as a detached critic that he vocalized its life, whether in the architecture of Fifth Avenue, or in the blessed mildness—"ever so amiably, weak"—of the charm of Florida. It could not have engaged him through so many hundred pages except by virtue of a binding and unforgotten tie. And what the tie really was, in its abiding power, became clear, a few years later, in the two successive volumes which he de-

voted to his recollections of his own childhood. That atmosphere of desultory freedom, mental and spiritual, flashed through with high enthusiasm, that leisurely life, peopled by gay and easy youth, was all recalled in a golden light of truth and poetry, and given a lovingly perfected form, which told the whole tale of what he owed to those memorable times.

Here these notes might have ended if they had fallen to be written two years ago; his work, it might have been thought, was achieved, his great gifts of heart and mind well known to the wide and still widening circle of those who honored and loved him. It could, indeed, surprise none who knew him that he should have risen with a blaze of magnanimous passion to meet the issue which at last confronted his world. If any had thought of him as removed, in his old age, above the struggle between the real life and the false, the creative impulse and the destructive, or as surveying the chances of men from an untroubled height, they much misunderstood the nature of his mellow wisdom. And yet even those who knew him best may hardly have been prepared for the unaging vigor and vehemence of his response to the chal-

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lenge. Though at first almost physically suffocated, as it seemed, by the sudden horror of darkness, he showed neither bewilderment nor hesitation; he arose—it was impossible to miss the impression—like a prophet of old. All his love and admiration for France, which had been the country of his training and was endeared to him, first and last, by innumerable associations, was shed into his sympathy with the great vital insurgence of the French people. He taxed his strength, as he no longer could with impunity, to relieve where he might the distress of the refugees from Belgium—the smoke of their home so little below the sea-line of his own Rye. Of his feeling for England we may hardly speak; let us remember the phrase—“this decent and dauntless people”—which he used a short while before he affirmed, by more than words, his sense that his lot was cast with ours. Many of his fellow-citizens proud of the title, must have looked forward in the hope that he would be with us to celebrate, as only he could have celebrated, victory and peace. So much is denied us; but it is in the knowledge of his own confident expectation of the day that our valediction now goes out to him—rare artist, profound genius, great heart.

Percy Lubbock.

THE SPINE OF AN EMPIRE.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL G. F. MACMUNN, C.B., D.S.O.

*In Egypt's land on banks of Nile
King Pharaoh's royal daughter went to
bath in shtoile;
She had her dip and hied into the land,
To dry her royal pelt she ran along the
sand.
A Bulrush thripp'd her and at her foot she
saw
The little Moases, in a wad of shraw.
Fragment, The Finding of Moses, Anon.*

Never in the cinema of all time have there been such films to record as on

the stage of Egypt. Certain localities are preordained to attract the come and go of the world, and before all others the Nile delta has this property. Its strategical location in the world's assembling has compelled the holders of power and might and majesty and dominion to crowd therein. No decay of empires can affect the significance of geographical siting. Mena and Cheops and Khafren give place to Amenemhats and Thotmes and a host of Rameses,

who yield in turn to such modernities as the Ptolemies, but the Nile remains the Nile, and the Red Sea the waterway from East to West.

As Darius and Xerxes and Alexander were compelled by the call of strategic law, so came Salah-ud-Din and Napoleon and Ferdinand de Lesseps and Sir Garnet Wolseley. And here, too, would come William of Hohenzollern, boasting to break the spine of the British Empire, in the vertebra that Chesney planned and de Lesseps made.

Between Alexander the Great and William of Hohenzollern the host of moderns has been legion, but it was for Napoleon and his dreams of Eastern Empire to bring the British into the scene to short circuit their sea routes. Since the Corsican brought his legions, his savants, and his artists to the Pyramids, the English have entered into the joint control of the Levant, and to help them have brought the armies of India. With Abercromby came David Baird and his sepoy. Sir Garnet Wolseley, in Egypt and in the Soudan, had Indian troops to help him, and now, lest William of Hohenzollern and his Ottoman allies should "break the British spine," and disturb the peace and plenty of Egypt, not only has India sent troops, but all elements of the Empire far and near. Never, even in the days of Alexander's armies, had so many varied contingents garrisoned Egypt, as came when the Hun threatened the Canal in force.

In the late autumn of 1915, what time Serbia was broken on the wheel, the Hun determined to overrun Egypt and Sinai and Goshen, breaking thereby the British spine. But the Mistress of the Sea said No. The army of Gallipoli was conjured back from the Hellespont and the outer Empire sent its levies, and the great plans of the All-Highest were "postponed."

The force gathered in Egypt was the most wonderful combination of the

Empire that can be imagined. To the gathering came first and most famous a division of the old army, the army that has held the line from the Yser to the Aisne, and lies in a grave and lives in a memory for its guerdon, the world round. With them were Territorial divisions, and divisions of the new army, brigades of yeomen, divisions from Australia and New Zealand, the Maoris cheek by jowl with the white, a model in this respect to the rest of the Empire. Not only was the Indian army proper there—Gurkha, Sikh, and Pathan in due and ancient form—but the armies of the protected states, those imperial service contingents, the wisdom of their conception yearly more apparent. But the tally of Empire ended not with Gwalior, Mysore, and Bikaner. Hospitals from Canada, Sambo from the West Indies cleaning his rifle to Moody and Sankey hymns, and the Afrikander corps of Dutch and English added to that pageant of Empire, standing four-square with the troops of the Sultan himself.

Strategically to the world's power and commerce, the situation of Egypt is as favorable now as in the days of Alexander, and troops are as well placed there against emergency as anywhere, and as the danger to Egypt lessened were ready to be sent by those who rule the sea North, South, East, or West. Troops can come and go and be switched back quicker than foes can assemble.

The defending of the canal, a waterless tract, void of roads in its immediate vicinity, is no easy matter and a subject of much controversy, the manner of its defense depending, like that of most other localities, on the troops available and the strength of the enemy threat. The difficulties have been overcome by a herculean effort. Atkins bathes happily in its water, and watches the ships of allies and of neutrals—those lesser breeds who wait—pass us safely.

To most of the English the canal has seemed a desert track dotted with lonely *gares*, akin in their solitude to a Red Sea lighthouse. A further acquaintance with them has dispelled many imaginings. The *gares*, the friendly *chefs de gare*, and their brimming quivers have assumed a different aspect from their ancient one of milestones on the road to India.

British patrols thread the ancient course of the Nile now dry, the Pelusiac and Tanaitic channels that found the sea east of the canal and explain the delta-like lagoons that still remain. The ruins of Pelusium and the ancient channel explain how Cleopatra, defeated on the high seas, escaped by water inland to Damietta, and how the Holy Family found the road to Egypt far easier than it is now. Across Lake Menzalah from Port Said lie the ruins of Tanais, the capital of the Pharaohs in the time of Moses. El Qantara, a British post, closes the road from Palestine to Egypt that has run since time was, and that has seen in our own time the legions of Napoleon march by the bridge over the arm of the marsh for Syria. "*Partant pour la Syrie*" with a vengeance, many, poor souls, to die miserably.

And no doubt over the El Qantara rode also the *savants* in their high hats and veils, their long *directoire* coats and their striped pantaloons—like any member of the various royal societies of today, but with the chill off—while the escorting *chasseurs* chaffed them and their umbrellas.

So today Port Said and Suez and Ismailia and Cairo are full of the soldiery, and a wide camp is spread under the Pyramid of Ghizr, and young officers walk along the groyne at Port Said, asking "what is the history of that funny old green statue" which stands a wonder of the world, like the *Phare* in ancient Alexandria. Shades of Ferdinand de Lesseps and Rawdon Ches-

ney! What, indeed, is the history of that "funny old green statue" and the "spine of the British Empire" as the Hun has immortalized it? It is a phrase for which we may thank William of Hohenzollern.

The mass of the force in Egypt transferred from Gallipoli, rage the "*unter-seebote*" never so fiercely, is resting and retraining. If you've been six months on Gallipoli you'll run a mile to see a nursing sister, and both Atkins and his officers are soft of heart. Graceful Cairenes in French cut skirts of black *crêpe de chine* with ever the topmost button undone, with black head-shawls of the same material, and evanescent veils that faintly cloud to distraction the face below the eyes, are strong wine for young soldiers. So attractive is the dress that the old hand will tell you that many another than Cairenes will don the dress when out for a spree—a disguise also that enhances attraction is a good find, *mesdames*!

Atkins himself and Hotspur the yeoman are nothing if not gallant. Here is a true story from Port Said. Time about 8 p.m. Attractive English lady hears two soldiers walking fast behind who come up one on either side.

FIRST SOLDIER. Beg pardon, miss, do you speak English?

ATTRACTIVE LADY. Yes.

BOTH SOLDIERS. Oh, you are English!

FIRST SOLDIER. I think we saw you waving out of the window.

ATTRACTIVE LADY. I think you are mistaking me for Mrs. Brown's nursemaid!

SECOND SOLDIER (*severely*). You must be an ass to take this young lady for a nursemaid!

BOTH SOLDIERS. Perhaps we ought not to have spoken, but we are very lonely—may we walk with you?

ATTRACTIVE LADY. I am going this way.

FIRST SOLDIER. Would you tell us who you are, miss?

ATTRACTIVE LADY. I am the chaplain's sister. (*Sensation and silence.*)

FIRST SOLDIER (*plucking up courage*). We never saw a chaplain's sister like you before.

SECOND SOLDIER. No, indeed, only one I knew was enough to give you the 'orrors.

ATTRACTIVE LADY (*somewhat flattered, stopping at door of a house under a street lamp*). I must say good-night now. I live here.

BOTH SOLDIERS. Now we see you we are sorry we spoke to you, for we can see you are more one for the officers than for us. (*Exit.*)

And so it runs from Putney to Port Said, and from Cambridge to Cairo. Soldiers are very susceptible gents, as the late Francis Bacon knew and so stated.

And while one big army has delved and dug and built on the canal and taken toll of Sinai, another force has chased the Senussi up and down the Western desert, and yeomen from the shires have watered their horses at the garden steps of the week-end villa at Matrush, where Antony entertained Cleopatra. This is no doubt foretold by one of the minor prophets from Voltaire considered *capable de tout*. It is certainly a dramatic event for those who moralize on empires' rise and wane.

Hardly less striking is the prolonged pursuit and charge of the Senussi by His Grace of Westminster at the head of the motor bandits—as the army will call the armored motor-car—in that same Western desert. The hyacinth and the iris grew for a wonder on surface free from shifting sands, and the armored car trick was brought off in a fashion and with a dash that its promoters could hardly have hoped for in their most enthusiastic moments.

War has brought many surprises and troubles to the desert and its denizens. In Sinai, where the Bedouin lives by the date palm, there has come starvation,

and why? Because the female date must be fertilized by hand, and the male dates are few and far between. The date fertilizer is a skilled professional and lives in Egypt, and Turks in Sinai have meant that date trees go unwed. The which is a parable. There is no remedy save perhaps one similar to that suggested by the American mayor to the man who complained that the "wather had come into me back cellar and drowned all me hins." "Young man, I should advise you to keep ducks," and the Bedouin might grow the hermaphrodite date. In the country of the scarabæus it might well be found as Alexander's soldiers left it on the Indus. If war has brought harm to some, it has in Egypt brought profit to the many, and the Greek is ever ready to trade, and merchants one and all have risen to the occasion and waxed fat. In Alexandria the Greek influence is very great and sympathy with the Allies considerable. The Greek will tell you they come of a northern stock, and will quote the body worship of the *bel âge* to illustrate affinity with the English, and that Greeks alone of all Levantine races or Latin races either have pronounced "*th*" since time was like the English—which be it true or false, all make for good trade. The soldiery all the year are better than the Americans in the winter, and Young Australia has money to spend.

Another wonder of the ages is that Egypt from the Pyramids to Tel el Kebir should be the Aldershot of the Australians and New Zealanders, where Tommy Cornstalk learns to obey for a common cause and to let off steam in the process.

And over it all grin in the morning sun the Ethiopian lips of the Sphinx—noting one more trivial mark of chalk on granite, one more grain of sand in the hour-glass, one more struggle of the captains and the kings, one more grim grin at peoples rending themselves

—perhaps the thousand-year-long grin sprang from the knowledge that it had only to endure long enough to see William of Hohenzollern show the world the way of peace, while the very sand mocked back again.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE KING-MAKERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY.

"You are a fool!" cried the King.

Rudeness is often more disconcerting than truth, and the silence that followed was heavy with dismay.

It was the insulted Premier himself who hastened to retrieve the situation. His tone was mild, apologetic, soothing; he even forced himself to be playful. "I am not in a position to dispute the verdict," he said, smiling. "I am afraid my colleagues of the Executive would heartily endorse it. But our business for today is really concluded, and your Majesty need not be detained longer."

The King was already conscious of his folly. He could not but feel a resentful gratitude for the tact which had been brought so quickly to the rescue. He had the impression that he had been deliberately provoked to his outburst, but that impression did not harmonize with the provoker's good-humor afterwards. Leaning back in his chair, he drummed pettishly upon the elbow-cushions, half-shamed, half-puzzled. "I have had more than enough," he muttered sullenly.

"And so have I, your Majesty. Yes, that is all for the present."

Again the King fumed inwardly. It was the schoolmaster's dismissal of a troublesome pupil. The other two men at the table did not venture to look into his face. He knew that they disapproved emphatically. So his Majesty rose, and the councilors rose also. They remained standing until he reached the door, and his last glance saw them still there, respectful, but mutely

liam of Hohenzollern show the world the way of peace, while the very sand mocked back again.

reproachful. In the corridor a tall figure in steel and scarlet saluted mechanically, and he passed up the broad old staircase to his suite of rooms.

The Premier slowly collected his unappreciated papers. There was nothing in his powerful face to suggest resentment, yet surely he had enormous reason. "It has been a very trying day," he said urbanely; and the remark was almost a benediction upon the youth who had just left them. Yet his next words had a note of acerbity in them, most excusable under the circumstances. "It is unfortunate that such tiresome details should have to be discussed," he said, "but they are matters of State! And the King remains—what he was! We must hope for the best! I shall be ready for departure in half-an-hour, Berten. Will you travel in my car? The Secretary, of course, will remain in attendance."

"With pleasure," said Berten, the Foreign Minister, who had never before admired his colleague as he did at that moment; and accordingly they parted, each proceeding to the room assigned for his use while the King was in residence at the château.

In a few moments the Premier laid his papers down in his circular chamber in the southwest tower. He was a well-built man of sixty, with a cast of feature that suggested his far-off Hebrew ancestry. His smile was charming, his gaze peculiarly swift and direct. He did not seem to carry too heavily the burden of the recent scene. Once in his room with the door closed, his manner was even cheerful as he sat down on a lounge in the circular window to enjoy a cigar. The window was

open, and he had a pleasant view of the cliffs and the sea. To the left, fading away in the blue haze, ran the long ridge which ended with the clump of rocks known as the Broken Tooth, and its indistinguishable lighthouse. Farther still, in the mouth of the bay, must lie the Orphan Rock; but this was beyond the range of sight.

Perhaps he did not observe these things at all, but kept his thoughts strictly to problems of statecraft. Presently, however, he heard a footstep on the gravel below his window. He did not change his position, and the steps passed rapidly on; but soon he saw a figure come into sight near the edge of the cliff, a youthful figure, which immediately vanished over the verge by some invisible path. Still the Premier sat deep in thought; but three minutes afterwards he was disturbed by the ash of his neglected cigar falling upon his vest. Taking up the handkerchief which lay beside him, he carefully collected the powder and discharged it through the open casement, shaking the handkerchief two or three times. Then he gathered up his papers and went down to meet his traveling companion.

The figure he had seen on the verge of the cliff was that of the King. After leaving the council, his Majesty had gone to his rooms, to find his valet waiting.

"Your Majesty will change?"

"Yes. At once," said the King irritably. "I must get away. I must get away at once!"

Felix saw that something had occurred, and strove to please. "The new costume—the tourist costume—has arrived," he said eagerly. "Perhaps your Majesty will try it?"

It lay, indeed, upon a chair, ready for use—a well-cut suit of tourist flannels, similar in all respects but that of cost to a thousand others which were flitting through the kingdom of Zorne at that

moment. The King looked at it, and was not displeased. For a little while, instead of being one wretched youth on a pinnacle, he would be a humble unit of a multitude innumerable. In these garments he would go down to the Pavilion to obtain a little volume of poems, and then he would take a walk—anywhere.

In ten minutes the transformation was complete, and the King of Zorne made a very passable tourist in knickerbockers. Even the Senate would have had to look twice to recognize him.

"It is excellent," murmured Felix, sensitive to the relieved atmosphere. "Your Majesty finds it comfortable?"

"It will do," said the King; and then, "I am going to the Pavilion. But I must not be disturbed."

"I will remember."

Conrad descended the staircase, and rejoiced inwardly when the guard in the corridor hesitated for an instant to perform his automatic salute. Walking to the southern end of the château, he passed into the shrubbery. He met nobody, and, with something of the sensations of a truant, kept to the leafy gardens as long as he could, only leaving their shelter when it became necessary to make for the cliff and the Pavilion. It was then that he was seen by the Premier.

The Pavilion was a delightful wooden structure nestling in an elbow of the cliff. Invisible from the château, it looked straight out over the Adriatic, and a rugged cliff-pathway passed its threshold to the beach beneath. When the Government of Zorne had bought the château as a convenient royal retreat—it was only ten miles by road from the capital—the King had decided that this was the choicest corner of the whole estate. Hence he kept it jealously to himself and his ease.

Lately there had been little ease, owing to the unceasing antagonism of a force against which he struggled in

vain, and the summer-house had seen him in bitter moments. He sighed now as he approached the building, and immediately afterwards flushed as only the thought of the Premier could make him flush. Then he pushed open the door—the place had been cleaned and prepared for him in the morning—and went in.

Not far in, however, for he had not taken two steps before he discovered an intruder. In his own easiest chair lay a young man asleep. He had opened the window to enjoy the breeze, which cooled pleasantly a face and brow which bore signs of recent heat and fatigue. He was quite young—only a few years older than the King himself, apparently—with the fair hair and skin that suggested a Teutonic nationality. His boots were stretched at glorious length across the floor.

The King was in no mood to be pleased by such an adventure. Imagine his sensations, then, when he saw that the stranger, in addition to his chair and his cushions, had actually appropriated some of his clothing! Before settling down he had taken off his coat, and in its place had donned a loose yachting jacket of his Majesty's, which he had evidently recognized as an agreeable substitute for his own heated garment. It was only a trifle small, and it gave an irritating suggestion of ease to his whole attitude.

The King did not pause to consider his course of action. He stepped heavily on the boarded floor, and at once the intruder opened his eyes. But he was neither bewildered nor abashed, and the eyes he opened so calmly took only an instant to comprehend the situation. He did not even move his head, but surveyed the King steadily. And steadily the royal anger rose.

"You are trespassing, sir," the King began as courteously as his wrath would permit. "These grounds are private."

The intruder yawned. Otherwise he did not move. "Indeed!" he said.

"Yes, And, confound you, sir, you are wearing my coat!"

The young man's lazy blue eyes examined the King's features with considerable care. He was not impressed; he seemed, in fact, amused. When he spoke it was with indescribable effrontery. "Ah," he said calmly, "they certainly did tell me that this old house was the Château Rombard. You must be—the Little King!"

It was indeed a day of humiliation for his Majesty of Zorne. In spite of his effort at self-control, he started perceptibly, and a flush that was as much of shame as of anger rose to his cheeks.

The intruder watched these effects with a certain indolent enjoyment. "Your Majesty must not be annoyed," he said as calmly as before. "I used a term which is common enough in Zorne, as you may know."

"Indeed!" stammered the King, in angry bewilderment.

"Decidedly. And your Majesty will doubtless understand my use of it when I say that I am something of a Socialist, and therefore no respecter of kings."

This was the first Socialist the King had met in personal contact, and he was unlikely to forget the occasion. But the fellow's audacity was bound to have a cooling effect upon him.

"You are?" he asked, with growing self-control.

And the intruder went on. He combined impudence and audacity with a sincere admiration for his own cleverness and a genuine regard for the sound of his own voice. "It is exactly so. Kings, in my view, are at the best frightfully expensive symbols of an absurd social order. Or we may regard them as persons who appropriate an undue share of the pleasant things of life, seldom through any virtues of their own. Such were my thoughts when I

heard that this was the Château Rom-bard. I reflected that in strict justice it was probably as much mine as your Majesty's; and when I saw this summer-house I decided to enjoy a share of my property for an hour or two. So I took the liberty of making myself at home."

"And—and my coat?" asked the King grimly.

"As much mine as yours, your Majesty. And you have had much more use of it hitherto."

The King considered. He was a little amused; indeed, he might by this time have lost his anger altogether had it not been for that one phrase, "the Little King." Not even the keenest sense of humor could erase that insult from the victim's memory. Yet he was now so far master of himself that he could almost hold his own.

"Knowing so much of kings," he said, "you must be aware that they like to be obeyed. I regret to seem inhospitable; but there are several guards at the château. They will come when I call them; and, since you declare yourself a Socialist, they may be excused if they mistake you for an Anarchist, and throw you over the cliff. Such distinctions are a little difficult to them!"

The intruder was interested at last. "Your Majesty improves on acquaintance," he said. "If you spoke more frequently in that tone things might be—different. But for the present I have given my answer, and I beg that you will not disturb me further." And with sublime impudence he closed his eyes, appearing to glide off at once into a pleasant slumber.

Conrad showed now that he had fully recovered his equilibrium. "Oblige me," he said smoothly, "by accepting my hospitality for ten minutes more. After that, if my servants prove objectionable, you will, I am sure, excuse their zeal. They are under the impression that these grounds are more

mine than yours." With this remark he strode out of the Pavilion and on to the path which passed the door.

An appeal to the servants, however, was not at all to his taste. Not more than fifty yards away grew a clump of low bushes, and when he reached these he quietly threw himself down on the grass behind them. Having found there a point of vantage, he lay with his eyes fixed upon the Pavilion, confident that in a few minutes his enemy would emerge in prudent and timely flight. And that would close a somewhat remarkable incident in as satisfactory a way as could be hoped for.

For two, three, four minutes he lay still and expectant. Then his calculations were thrown into irrevocable disorder. Suddenly and mysteriously—for there had not been the slightest sound of any kind—a man's head came into view on the rugged pathway which led up from the beach to the cliff-brow. Instead of passing in front of the Pavilion window, however, the owner of the head kept well down, creeping silently and swiftly around the corner of the building and on to the head of the path. There he paused, and the interested observer saw that he was a powerful man in fisher costume, who rested motionless for a while, alert, watching, listening, in sinister silence. Then he made some sign with his hand, and immediately two other men crept to his side with the same mystery and precaution. One of these bore a coil of rope, and the other carried what appeared to be a sack.

The King lay as motionless as a log.

The three men stood for a moment at the entrance to the Pavilion. All were breathlessly still. Then the leader gave another silent signal, and the frail door was dashed wide as the two subordinates hurled themselves into the interior. For a brief space there was some confusion, but except for one stifled exclamation all was done with

remarkably little noise. In his pretended slumber the unfortunate jester had rendered himself an easy prey for the abductors. Indeed, he had no opportunity of seeing their faces, the man with the sack having accomplished his share of the capture with faultless celerity and skill.

The King was intensely interested, but his excitement did not incline him to interfere. He did not imagine for a moment that any life was in peril. The noise was over almost at once, and for a very short time he waited and watched in vain. Then out from the still open door came the first fisherman, to sweep the neighborhood with another keen, searching, and suspicious glance. For fully half-a-minute he stood, a mute sentinel; then he raised his hand again, moving cautiously towards the cliff-path as he did so.

Immediately the other two men came out after him, bearing between them a fourth. This fourth had been neatly bound in the sack, gagged, and rolled in a rug; and, as he was no great weight, they handled him almost with ease. They commenced the descent, and vanished after their leader.

The King's natural desire to help the helpless—it was only a faint desire in this case—was easily overcome by the counsels of prudence. He lay still until he felt that all peril had passed. Then he sped lightly to the Pavilion, where he found everything in a surprising state of order. The fishermen were evidently persons of method and discretion, with a capacity for details. Indeed, the whole affair betrayed prearrangement and organization to an almost startling degree.

After a careful and admiring examination, he closed the door behind him and left the building. During all these movements he had been thinking swiftly, every faculty spurred to its utmost. Without hesitation now, he ran along the cliff-top, sheltering himself as

much as possible until he was among the shrubs that screened the entrance-gate of the park. And here, as he had anticipated, he found a bicycle hidden, dusty indeed, but evidently of excellent quality. A small traveling-case was strapped to the saddle.

When this adventure is charged against his Majesty's reputation, let his youth be remembered—a youth cramped for three years in the iron bands of royal etiquette, with the inflexible Rubin as mentor. It had been, too, a day of mingled rebellion, trial, and bitterness; but it was also a day of early summer, with the world's returning youth in every breath from the sea. Last, but not least, there was this adventure, in which he had witnessed an abominable outrage clearly directed against his own person. It was so bold as to suggest some strong force in the state which would dare all things to injure him; and while it did not give him any sensation of fear, it roused his resentment to an extreme degree. Surely these influences were well calculated to overwhelm for the time all sense of responsibility, and to lead him to take with a light heart a path of which he could not see the end.

In a moment he had run the cycle out to the road, where he walked it some fifty yards or so to a commanding point. There he stood, his face turned seaward, until a small boat shot out from under the cliff bearing three men. There was probably an inert figure lying in the bottom, but it was quite invisible from such a distance. As soon as the shelter of the cliff was passed a sail was run up, and the little craft went steadily out to sea.

Conrad turned to the cycle and gave it a friendly smile. "The adventure was as much his as mine," he said. "May he not tire of his share in it! As for you, you're as much mine as his, and hitherto he alone has had the use of you! Let us correct that injustice!"

(To be continued.)

W. E. Cule.

THE WAR-BOOM TOWN IN AMERICA.

The general features of the temporary war prosperity in the United States are not very different from those on this side, but there are certain effects which perhaps are easier to estimate and describe than are the more subtle economic changes of life in a belligerent country. You may, for example, see cities of conservative habit develop beyond recognition, or entirely new "boom towns" created by the war industries in an astonishingly short time. The first process is, perhaps, most noticeable in the Connecticut Valley, the second in regions further south.

Connecticut is a State of smallish towns, several of which have been transformed since the beginning of the war. There is New London for one; and New Haven (where is Yale University) the original center of the Remington Arms Company. There is Waterbury, known the world over as the watch town. It had an older and larger industry, brassmaking, which has now given place to the manufacture of munitions, so extensively that the resources of all the factories, old and new, are strained to the utmost. And, still more significant than these, there is Bridgeport, the commercial capital of the State, which has undergone an expansion probably as remarkable as anything of the kind in the world.

Until last year Bridgeport was a comfortable manufacturing town of about 115,000 people. It was a fair example of the secondary commercial center in America, taking pride in its solid prosperity, its moderate rate of advance, its leafy suburban neighborhoods and family homes. Its peace-time industries were various—among them brass and corsets and Singer sewing-machines. The boom struck Bridgeport early in 1915. War orders and a stream of European money flowed in. Existing

factories were rapidly adapted, and new ones were run up. One great concern began to turn out heavy motor wagons; another was making submarines. The population grew by some 50,000 in less than twelve months. Men, especially young men, flocked from all the places round into Bridgeport as a city of unlimited opportunity. In the course of a few months a typical New England town became one of the busiest hives of war industry in America. The greatest single factor in this development has been the Remington Arms Company, which during the summer of last year laid the foundations of an immense factory on the edge of the town. In October it had accommodation for 2,000 workpeople; by the beginning of this year about 15,000 were employed in the range of a dozen or so huge uniform blocks. About half the workers, maybe, are American born; the other half come from the polyglot community of new Americans, fed, until the outbreak of war, by the unceasing immigrant stream.

The first assumption of the Remington Arms Company appears to have been that, since it was conferring upon Bridgeport the benefit of a fresh industry, bringing work and wealth to the town, the responsibility for housing and ordering the new population rested altogether with the city authorities. The consequences are not difficult to imagine. The problem of house-room became unmanageable. Rents of houses and rooms leapt up. Land values were inflated. The owners and agents of real estate gathered a glorious harvest. It was estimated that at the end of 1914 the number of empty houses in Bridgeport and its suburbs was not far short of 2,000. A few months later there was not a house of any kind vacant nor a room to be obtained. Speculative

builders, fearing a sudden ending to the prosperity, were reluctant to risk capital in housebuilding on a large scale, and accordingly the Remington Company was forced into action. In addition to other housing schemes, it set about building dormitories for about 4,000 women workers. It has not yet, however, addressed itself to the provision of schools and recreative centers. These latter, especially, are a very urgent necessity for a community of young men and women, removed from their normal surroundings and with plenty of money to spend, so that they overflow all the existing places of entertainment. The economic conditions, especially the sharp competition for workmen between the firms and the abundance of money, made a soil favorable to labor disputes. The record of Bridgeport in this regard is quite extraordinary. During a period of two and a half months last summer fifty-five strikes occurred. They resulted in notable gains to the workers, who were able to secure improved rates of wages and a standard working day. Bridgeport is now an eight-hour town.

War boom growth, however, is not invariably accompanied by such forms of congestion and social disorder as are seen in these Connecticut towns. We are in a different world when we turn to the villages and camps provided for their employees by the duPont de Nemours Company, the largest manufacturers of gunpowder and more modern explosives in the United States. The duPonts belong to the new order of benevolently autocratic employers, and their villages, run up under the pressure of war time with surprising speed, are regulated with, if possible, even more than the precision of Bournville and Port Sunlight, coupled with a far harsher system of police, as befits the special and extreme perils of industrial colonies created in rougher conditions and devoted to products

more dangerous than cocoa and soap. At Carney's Point on the Jersey side of the Delaware River, the duPonts had at the beginning of 1915 a powder works employing 500 or 600 men. By the beginning of this year the army of workers had grown to 14,000 about half of whom are housed in the new villages and camps established by the company at Penn's Grove. For reasons obvious enough in connection with explosives, the manufacture is carried on in small-scale buildings widely scattered over the estate. The camps are composed for the most part of rough frame one-story buildings with barbed wire fences around the enclosures. The villages consist of hundreds of cottages or bungalows of a regular pattern, planted with chessboard exactness. A six-roomed house of this kind is rented at six dollars (25s.) a month, a very moderate figure. The duPonts, like all employers of their kind, look closely after the morals and recreation of their people. It is said that the rapid expansion of the works tempted hosts of casuals and other unemployed to Penn's Grove from the surrounding region; but when the more adventurous of these discovered that good wages went along with the strictest rule, and that the single license which had existed in the original village before the war had been taken away, they tended to drift out and make room for more suitable model villagers.

A vivid contrast, if we may judge by recent accounts, is presented by an unregenerate town named Hopewell, in Virginia. In immediate proximity to Hopewell, is another group of duPont villages, harboring a large part of the 17,000 employed in a celebrated gun-cotton factory. In this community, as at Penn's Grove, everything goes according to the exactest rule. The villages and streets are lettered, the houses and porches cut to scale and to pattern. A recent visitor, Miss Mabel

Kittredge, a well-known New York social worker, lately wrote in the *New Republic* a description of the place:

Medical attendance is free to the workmen and to their families. Inspection and sanitary control have reached the high-water mark. Every tiny stream is drained, every puddle oiled, and malaria eliminated. Typhoid vaccine is administered freely, milk and water are tested again and again. There are two schools, built by the company on company land, and every child is known to the sanitary officer.

There is a safety department working at all hours, and a hospital with twelve doctors treating 500 patients a day. The great machine works without a hitch, with the aid of a corps of 475 policemen provided by the company; and the women at the doors of the trim little houses will tell you that the duPonts are real people who know how to treat their men. Hopewell, hard by, is a raw and hideous town leaping up and forward under the stimulus of war industry, repeating all the crudity and horror of the earlier mining camps. Last December a fire caught hold of the place, and almost made an end of it; and we are assured that the fire burned out a few of its worst evils. There was only the most primitive sort of government;

The New Statesman.

shooting appears to have been almost as common as speech, and every sort of vileness ran riot. The town reeks of prosperity. The people, we are told, think and talk of nothing else. There is the most reckless expenditure on all hands. But it would appear that the worst is over, and that a civic order and conscience are evolving. Hopewell is a community in the making, for all its staggering unlikeness to the model settlements of the duPonts. Miss Kittredge, in putting the contrast, suggests that the advantage may, after all, be finally on the side of the disorderly industrial inferno, the portals of which should not be inscribed with the Dantean motto. Its citizens are, at any rate, shaping their own destiny. But:

Suppose discord breaks out in Village A or Village B; suppose there should be a strike; all those prosperous families could be turned out on the hillside, the schools closed, the very streets barred, for all belongs to the company, and there are well-trained police to guard the properties.

The risks, indeed, are not all associated with the peril of returning peace; but for the present hour, it must be admitted, Penn's Grove and Village A have their good points.

S. K. R.

THE JEANNE D'ARC OF WESTERN NATIONS.

August is Belgium's month, for every one of its days is the second anniversary of a big event in that intrepid honor which enabled her to frustrate the whole general scheme of Germany's first campaign. All later events on the western front have rested on the noble and abiding work that Belgium achieved between the end of July 1914 and the defeat of the Anglo-French armies at Charleroi and Mons. Everybody used to recognize how she saved Europe, in part by holding up the German invasion

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for a fortnight, and in part by drawing to the siege of Antwerp a great many troops whom the Germans needed in their advance to defeat at the Marne. Suppose Belgium had granted free passage to the German hordes, instead of inviting massacre. What on earth could have saved Paris? But the recognition of fundamental facts has the same history in war and in peace: later happenings displace it from most memories. In two years the heroic deeds of Belgium have been so obscured

by their lineage of great events that it is difficult to think of them with the gratitude which they at first inspired, because the emotions of war make the past recede very swiftly from the drama of every day's important news. The past is the cemetery of a war, the present its battlefield, and the future its mystery.

We know that many mistakes, heard not seldom in careless talk, show that the first month of war is no longer understood as it ought to be. An inevitable gap—a gap that widens in the memory—grows between it and current elations and sorrows. Let us, then, try to bridge this gap by reviewing the main facts in the efforts made by Belgium to resist aggression.

The first thing to be remembered is the pre-war attitude of her politicians towards national defense. For about thirty years one of her parties included short-sighted pacifists, while another wanted to introduce a thorough system of compulsory service, and these rival policies were embittered by the fact that the Belgian Army for a long time offended by anti-Clericalism. In Antwerp, where the power of German trade and finance grew stronger and stronger, the outcry against "militarism" was prophetic; but at last, in 1913, national military service was adopted. It was not a complete measure; but it marked a great improvement. If it had been passed into law in 1906, instead of 1913, the massacre of Belgium would have been much more difficult. It came too late to be immediately useful, like other good sense imposed upon Europe by the German menace.

One day in January 1906 the military attaché to the British Legation in Brussels asked General Ducarne, of the Belgian War Office, whether Belgium was fit to defend her neutrality. General Ducarne answered: "We are prepared to defend ourselves at Liège against Germany, at Namur against France, and at Antwerp against Great

Britain." Afterwards several conversations had for their subject the measures which Great Britain should take for the fulfilment of her duties in a time of need as a trustee of Belgium's neutrality. British assistance to Belgium would be contingent upon the violation of her territories. On May 10, 1906, a report of these conversations was submitted to the Belgian War Office by General Ducarne, and we note also that in 1913 Belgian statesmen were put on their guard against the aims of Germany. The new National Service Act was being considered at a secret session of the Belgian Parliament when M. de Broqueville, Premier and War Minister, said, "Last summer we learned that it is intended to let the German Army advance through Belgium. We owe this information to several foreign Powers. Therefore it is incumbent on us to go to the root of the matter. I fear no violation of our neutrality on the part of France, but I am informed that the French Government has been compelled to study the question of a French advance through Belgium in the event of Germany's failure to respect our territory. In order to prevent a breach of our neutrality we must speedily prepare in both directions. The greatest danger is that foreign Powers may take possession of our territory for the purpose of protecting us. This warning has been given to us by several heads of States, and as late as July of the present year (1913) a friend of the King of the Belgians, the ruler of a State, remarked with emphasis to our King, 'I give Belgium the friendly advice to proceed with vigor to prepare for self-defense, because the miracle of 1870, when Belgian territory remained inviolate between two hostile armies, will not be repeated.'"^{*}

A year after this advice was given Belgium had suddenly to choose

^{*}See Anton Nystrom's "Before, During, and After 1914," pp. 223-24.

between safety won by dishonor and a cruel downfall through loyalty to a moral obligation. On August 3, the French Government offered, through their military attaché, the support of five French army corps to the Belgian Government, who replied at once: "We are sincerely grateful to the French Government for offering eventual support. In the actual circumstances, however, we do not propose to appeal to the guarantee of the Powers. The Belgian Government will decide later on the action which they may think it necessary to take." A week earlier, July 25, the Belgian Foreign Minister advised the guarantors of her neutrality that, in the event of a Franco-German war, it was the Belgian Government's "firm resolve to fulfil the international obligations imposed upon us by the treaty of 1839." On August 3 the German Chancellor proposed to Belgium that she should permit German troops to pass freely through her territory, threatening, in case of refusal, to treat her as an enemy, and pretending that French forces intended to advance along the Meuse over the sector from Givet to Namur. It was as if a giant from Brobdingnag sought a favor, accompanied by threats, from a Lilliputian. Suppose the Belgian Government had said to Great Britain and France and Russia: "Your troops will not arrive in time or in sufficient numbers to rescue our country from an overwhelming defeat; and hence we pray you to let us save the lives of our citizens by permitting us to yield, without disgrace, to the German power, which exceeds our own a thousandfold." What refuting answer could have been given to this appeal? But the Belgian Government took their stand on their country's honor and declined to fail in their duties towards Europe. Lilliput defied Brobdingnag and asked, with great dignity, for help from the unreadiness of her friendly trustees,

On August 4, Sir Edward Grey telegraphed as follows to Sir F. Villiers, British Minister at Brussels:

You should inform Belgian Government that if pressure is applied to them by Germany to induce them to depart from neutrality His Majesty's Government expect that they will resist by any means in their power. . . . His Majesty's Government will support them in offering such resistance, and . . . His Majesty's Government, in this event, are prepared to join Russia and France, if desired, in offering to the Belgian Government at once common action for the purpose of resisting use of force by Germany against them, and a guarantee to maintain their independence and integrity in future years.

On the same day Germany forced the speed of aggressive events. Her troops entered Belgium, and Liège was summoned to surrender by a small force. The nearest French army corps was about eight kilometers from the Belgian frontier, and during the next fortnight or so the civilization of Europe was certainly upheld by Belgian heroism and self-sacrifice, every hour's check in the German advance being invaluable both to General Joffre and to our Expeditionary Force. Belgium's defense came as a startling humiliation to the Germans, disorganizing their plans, inflaming their vengeance, and causing them to let loose all their barbarian cruelties.

It is true that a tiny percentage of her population resented the indomitable courage shown by the nation; it had lived for years under the insidious protection of German gold and of German trade, and had become base and detestable. The pro-German Belgian is met with sometimes at the front, sometimes also among the refugees. But no sensible person mistakes him for a true Belgian. The useful and necessary thing is never to forget that two of the belligerents

entered the war with a glorious dignity: both were little nations—Belgium and Serbia, and both suffered martyrdom
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in the cause of imperative honor and self-respect. Great Britain will right them.

THE PEASANT PROPRIETOR.

If this country had been as dependent for its food supplies upon the British farmer as Germany has been dependent upon the German farmer, probably we should have been starving by the middle of 1915. It is unlikely that Germany will be starved at all, however long the War may go on. If she is driven to surrender by economic pressure, the decisive shortage will be in those things which she cannot produce within her own borders, or by the lack of laborers on her land, or through the necessity for dividing her produce with her partners in crime. This does not mean, of course, that many foodstuffs are not scarce in Germany at present, or that they will not become scarcer. Most of the German people are getting less to eat today than they got two and a half years ago, and of worse quality. They have three poor meals daily now, as against six good ones per day in 1913. Animal fats are hardly to be had at all, we know; but this circumstance will take effect in the munition works and on the battlefield before it brings the German householder to his grave. Milk, we are told by some correspondents, is comparatively plentiful—which it cannot be; meat, we hear, and doubtless hear correctly, is at a very high figure. But men can live and live long and healthily, if uncomfortably and without pleasure, on a diet of bread and potatoes and green stuff and roots from their gardens and allotments; and there is no evidence that Germany will be short of any of these things. Indeed, the probabilities are that she will not. If she is not, she will go on fighting—unless she has no men left or the blockade prevents her obtaining outside

supplies for her gun and shell factories.

The point to remember most clearly is that, given similar emergencies to meet, the British people would have been starving a year ago had our Navy been defeated, or our mercantile marine seriously discommoded by submarine or aerial raiders. If our Navy were defeated this week, and a combined submarine and Zeppelin campaign cut off our oversea food supplies, we should be starving by Christmas next. Agriculturally, our case today is worse than ever; and the Government is doing nothing material to improve it. "At the outbreak of War," according to British Government publications, "Germany was producing about nine-tenths of the food and fodder usually required; in other words, she imported, after allowing for exports, one-tenth only of the food required to feed her people and livestock." We rely for five-sixths of our bread on the foreign grower, and for half our meat on the foreign feeder. Recently there has been a vigorous agitation to alter this dangerous state of affairs.

What do you think the Government remedy is, so far as they have revealed it to the public? It is to find 6,000 acres of land and to settle thereon 300 ex-soldiers and sailors. This scheme will make provision for one in ten thousand of the ex-service men who are expected to wish to settle on the land after the War—an estimate based upon actual inquiries in the Army and Navy; and it will deal with one four-thousand-five-hundredth of our cultivated (our under-cultivated) land.

Before the War 93 per cent of the land of Germany was broken up into

small holdings; and not merely into small holdings but small ownerships, the owner and the cultivator being one and the same man. In England and Wales before the War only 11 per cent of our land was occupied by its owners! Let the reader who would understand the relation between the small holding and the national efficiency in War and peace carefully digest these figures. Let him remember that only 7 per cent of German land was cultivated by men who did not own it; whereas in England and Wales 89 per cent was so cultivated.

Having realized what these figures mean in the wide distribution of a sense of responsibility and of pride in personal possession, let the reader note these further facts:—

The German farmer (an owning small holder usually) feeds 70 to 75 persons on each acre of cultivated land as compared with the British farmer's (usually a large owner or a large tenant) 45 to 50 persons.

The German grows 33 tons of corn per 100 acres, the Briton 15.

The German grows 55 tons of potatoes per 100 acres, the Briton 11.

The German grows $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of meat per 100 acres, the Briton 4 tons.

The German grows 28 tons of milk per 100 acres, the Briton $17\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

The German grows $2\frac{1}{4}$ tons of sugar per 100 acres, the Briton none.

To those persons who have been brought up in the belief that the British farmer is "the best in the world, my boy," such statistics must come with a very rude shock. Still more strikingly they are coming home to our people in the shape of grotesque prices for the necessities of life. They are not my figures, invented to serve a case; indeed they hit some of my own views about the land almost as hard as they do those of Mr. Prothero and other advocates of industrialized large farming. You will find these statistics, with a lot besides, in a report just out on "The Recent

Development of German Agriculture," by T. H. Middleton, C.B., Assistant Secretary to our Board of Agriculture, which you can buy for 4d. from Wymans.

It is the habit of the ordinary advocate of small holdings in England to apologize for troubling the State and the landowner. He pleads all sorts of social and moral advantages in the subdivision of land—the little rural man will feel that he is working for himself and his family; his children will be available to swell the labor roll of the larger farmers at odd times or regularly; we ought to give the laboring man a chance, an outlook; anyway, no great harm will be done by letting him fiddle about with a few acres—he will no doubt make a mess of it and warn off other ambitious sixteen-bob-a-week serfs.

That is a rough and ready summary of the sort of talk we get from most of our "land reformers," anxious to help the poor man, but not too much; to conciliate the larger farmer; to appeal to the good nature of the landowner. Few of us had the temerity to deny point-blank the claim of Mr. Prothero that the large farm is the soundest economic unit; that we must look to the big farm run on industrial lines, as a food factory, and to the medium-sized farm, for the bulk of our food supply. These German figures assault the Prothero position with both feet, as it were.

We have only four million and a quarter acres of land in use as farms of less than 50 acres; Germany has over $38\frac{1}{2}$ millions; 26 millions between $12\frac{1}{2}$ and 50 acres. This is the size of small holding most intelligent men who favor a systematic extension of small holdings want to see multiplied indefinitely in England. On the average, German land is not so good as our own, or so well situated climatically, or so near to valuable markets; in fact, as far as there is a handicap at all, it is against the German small holder. Why, not-

withstanding all this, does he beat "the best farmers in the world," at their own game?

As Mr. Middleton reminds us, the ancient test of good farming in England was the yield in foodstuffs from a given area. Subjected to this test the German peasant proprietor has beaten the large British tenant farmer altogether in the last generation. "Our position is no longer satisfactory," says Mr. Middleton mildly. It is not. How are we to better it? For myself I want a big scheme of farm colonies, one at least in every county of England and Wales, organized to train freely in the science of production (including animal nutrition) all men and women who wish to be so trained; and meanwhile to employ these men and women in the production of foodstuffs primarily for our Army and Navy and kindred services. Every trained man who desired a small holding I would give a small holding, financing him on easy terms for the development and stocking of the same.

At the outset, it might be necessary that he should associate himself with others in a co-operative credit society or a co-operative implement society or any of a dozen other forms of co-operative effort. But, if so disposed, he should be at liberty always to clear out of his holding on fair terms; and his co-operation with others should be voluntary. The State supervision must be advisory and friendly, not dictatorial and disciplinary.

Whether such a scheme can be realized in England I do not know; but I believe it can, given the needful degree of public pressure. Our men and women are just as good agriculturists as the Germans; I think they are better. They do not like to be "organized," but they do like to "co-operate," when they understand what it means and what it is for—else how can one explain our enormous co-operative distributive movement? That move-

The New Witness.

ment has its defects, among them the vice of "divvy-snatching"; but, on the whole, it is a fine and worthy achievement. The co-operative boot and shoe factories and flour mills and so on are paving the way for a co-operative agricultural policy. When this comes it will do as great things in rural England as the small owners of Germany, acting co-operatively, have done there.

Germany has now no chance to win this War; just as in a sense the Allies, since the battle of the Marne, have never had a chance to lose it. But that Germany has been able so long to hold out is due directly to the intensive land cultivation of its small holders. This has grown up, be it remembered, alongside an intensive development of the manufacturing industries; often in conjunction with them, for example, in the matters of sugar beet and bacon.

It is the custom of fools in England to chatter glibly of the unparalleled "method" of Germany, of the unrivaled capacity of her ruling class for "organization." Most of this talk is humbug or ignorance. In the *Board of Agriculture Journal* for November last, appeared an article showing how the German Government almost threw away by its stupidity the advantages conferred upon it through the skill and foresight of its peasant proprietors; how it fed wheat to cattle, and delayed slaughtering cattle, and then slaughtered them when they had eaten the wheat and had begun to lose weight; and so on and so on. The politicians in Germany, luckily for us, have made as many bad mistakes as our own. But, like our own incompetents, they have been saved so far from the results of their follies by the common working people. If Germany gets out of this muddle with any dignity at all left she will have to thank the man and the woman with the hoe. The small holder, not the Army, is the backbone of Germany.

William Purvis.

POOR DEATH.

I.

Death is inevitable, but life is not; and it would surprise many of us to know how much of our time and effort here is spent in the avoiding of life. We dodge it when it comes to meet us, turn our backs and run from it in a panic; and then, successfully established in some backwater, see it go roaring and glittering by in all the bravery of its pageantry and all the glory of its song. From these we take cover fearfully and gratefully, like birds that have escaped from the fowler's snare.

There is hardly one of us who is not guilty at some time of the fear and avoidance of life. We shrink from joys almost more than from sorrows, and pursue a kind of peddling happiness, content with the meanest shifts and substitutes if only life will leave us alone. Life, too much life, is uncomfortable, disturbing; it is always waking us up and dragging us forth, blinking, into the sunny torrent where, although great things are happening, we are apt to be bruised and buffeted and have the breath knocked out of us. Adventure is the prelude to civilization, not its fulfilment or harvest; and so in an aging world where civilization works smoothly we turn our backs on adventure, look for ease, dream of peace. As in some close chamber by the sea where there is no clear sound but the ticking of the clock and the chiming of the hours, where the roar of the surf without is reduced to a velvety murmur; so we sit sheltered while the creeping hours and the trampling days and the galloping years pass over us, and the voice of life is hushed to a whisper.

War, such war as is now loose upon the world, is an outrage upon all that. The sealed walls of the chamber gape, and let in the roar of life. But we do not think it is life; we call it death.

Rivers of blood are set flowing, and we say that Death is holding high carnival. We think of fields strewn with dead bodies, trenches heaped with them, of areas where life cannot stir a finger or raise its head; we see in imagination ships, whole floating communities of a thousand men with their dwelling-places and workshops and arsenals, their clothes and books and possessions, their fireplaces and larders, all blown sky-high in an instant and disappearing in billowing clouds of greasy brown smoke beneath the waters that a moment ago were their home and their world. We read again those fearful tales of the shattering of homes, the violent destruction and dismemberment of families, the deliberate outraging of beautiful and affectionate things; and when we have read them a few times, these fiendish horrors, things we would never have dreamed of associating with human beings before, become almost familiar to us so that we cease to think about them, and cease to be shocked and horrified at them. They become simply recorded facts, divorced from the violent emotion with which we first heard of them. They merely take their place in what seems an indescribable circus of destruction; our world seems turned upside down, and the kingdom of death established.

It is strange and interesting that it should be so, because this carnival of death which seems so triumphant, so extensive and magnificent, is reduced to rather sorry proportions if we really examine it closely and measure it exactly.

II.

The first violent change produced in a civilized man when he goes to the front to fight is in his personal attitude towards death. Consider: all his existence hitherto had been based on

the assumption that to be killed would be the greatest calamity that could happen to him. Nearly all his instincts, two-thirds of his education, were directed to the preservation of his individual life. In the crossing of a crowded street a thousand nervous impulses, flashes of thought, muscular actions and reflexes, infinitely marvelous every one of them, were employed in no other business than conveying him across in safety. In what we eat and drink, in what we do and learn, the desire to preserve ourselves and the ability to do so are increasingly manifest, until accident, disease, or old age deliver us into the hands of death.

But in these new circumstances a man is thrown out into a world where his own individual life is of little or no importance; where the thing sought is not an individual but a collective benefit; where it may even be necessary, if the end is to be achieved, for his life to be deliberately given. And he very rapidly becomes so accustomed to this idea, seeing it practised by thousands of others round him, that the violent change in point of view towards death is accomplished almost without his knowing it.

The delicate organization of human life is so adjusted that the same sensation cannot be experienced repeatedly in the same degree of acuteness. It is as though sensation, the power of acutely feeling, were so closely bound up with the life principle that it has to be limited in any one individual, and therefore by the provisions of nature to be protected and husbanded. The sensitive man can feel anything and everything, but if he is to be subjected to the same shock repeatedly, he will cease to feel it. And so it is with Death. The sight of a stranger being killed in the street or mangled by a railway train is enough to affect the nerves and haunt the memories of most people for many days; but when you have

seen your comrades mangled and wounded by dozens and hundreds, and your fellow-men tortured and slaughtered in heaps, your outraged nature refuses to register any more sensations of that kind. The very scale and apparent quantity in which death is working defeats its own purpose. Even the people at home whose acquaintance with this wholesale carnage is confined to reading about it, seeing lists and numbers, and occasionally to being aware of a gap in their own circle which will not be filled again, become callous too. Before the war somebody killed by an omnibus in the street was matter for a description in the newspapers; now such a thing would interest nobody, and is not even recorded. Even when it comes quite near us, the loss by accident of our own people or friends is not dwelt upon or thought about as once it was. Death has cheapened himself with us; he has become familiar; and we are beginning to hold him in contempt.

III.

No man or woman can be said to have true freedom of mind until the fear of death has been banished; and to banish the fear of death it is necessary to face it—not only in one's physical person, but with one's mind. Most of us who have been in circumstances where death is a constant and instant menace—in war, at sea, mountain climbing, or in any high physical adventure—know that we date a certain change in our lives from the time when, being terrified at the instant presence of death, we faced it, and the fear departed from us, never to return. Other fears may return; the much more mischievous fear of life, to which I began by referring, may flourish in us; but we shall certainly not be afraid of death for ourselves. People who do not know this wonder, when they read of the brave things that men are doing every hour by sea and by

land, how they can possibly do them. Well, that is how. It is because the one great bogey and terror of life has been completely exorcised from their minds, and the rest is all adventure, a trial of skill, perhaps an heroic and deliberate sacrifice. Moreover (and I would advise any anxious friend at home to bear this in mind for comfort), the sense that you are doing things and running risks and facing death in a great company is a very inspiring and uplifting consideration. It is another influence of the soothing loss of individuality. You are all in the same boat, you are all running the same risks; and if you fall, you fall in a company with whom it is well to be numbered at this time. It is not that they don't think about death, or put it out of their heads; they do think about it, and they have thought all the terror and sting out of it. They have faced it and have done with it; and they recognize it for the unfearful thing that it really is. Pain and agony, loss, bereavement, remorse, loneliness may be dreadful things; they may all or any of them be associated with death and inflicted by it on the living; but death itself is nothing, and you, when it comes to you, are the one being who will certainly know nothing about it, any more than you know of the moment that you fall asleep.

IV.

And strange as the thought may be, even the sum of death is not increased by one single unit for all the slaughter and butchery that is going on. It is appointed unto man once to die—and once only. No amount of war can alter the fact that no man can die more

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than once; that for every birth there is one death, no more and no less. It may come sooner or later; and by coming simultaneously to an enormous number of men in the prime of their physical life, death reaps an apparent benefit. But it is not a certain one. Life is an ascension to a summit—the highest we manage to achieve—and a descent from it. The ascent may be short and steep, the descent long and dreary. The cruelty of the present circumstances is that death seems to come so very inopportunately, at the moment when life is at the height of fulfilment. That may be loss to us; but it is no loss to those who die. We must remember that about those who are giving their lives for us in the war—certainly the young ones—that they are tasting life in an intensity that they have never dreamed of, and in a measure of which the dimension of time has no equivalent.

The monitory voice of the priest may tell us that in the midst of life we are in death; but the youth who is today in the tide of battle and has surrendered himself to it knows also that in the midst of death we may be in life; and that to a degree hitherto undreamed of. He is in a new world, living as he never lived before. It may all go dark suddenly; it is full of petty privations; he may have to pay for it in a lifetime of maimed years; but it has its amazing rewards and compensations. *De torrente in via bibet*; he will find refreshment from waters by the wayside; strange ravens will feed him; and with poor Death stricken down and vanquished within him, he will lift up his head.

Filson Young.

PLEDGES.

"Promises are like pie-crust—made to be broken," runs a national proverb. One is told at the same time that it is a

proverb of universal acceptance in the dark places of the earth that "an Englishman's word is his bond." One

would like to think that there was a race in existence of which this was true without reservation. One would then be far along the way towards an earthly paradise, and most of the law-courts would remain interesting only as ruins from an earlier civilization. In so honest a world the angels might once more fall in love with the daughters of men. The liar would be but a quaint specimen in the Zoological Gardens. And honest men, instead of being singled out for amazement as the noblest works of God, would be as common as blades of grass. But a race of so monotonous an honesty has still to be born. Races are honest only in comparison with less honest races. There is no community on earth—no political community, we mean—in which the members will freely trust one another, even as regards a promise to repay money, without a great fuss about signatures and witnesses. Reading the advertisements of money-lenders, one is apt to come to the conclusion that here at last is a profession in which it is taken for granted that human beings are honest. The offer to the world at large of loans of any sum ranging from five pounds to five thousand without security makes one wonder at times whether one is on the track of a secret society of mad millionaires ready to risk everything for their faith in human nature. Simple people who turn to the money-lenders are often shocked to find that the latter do not, as their advertisements suggest, really believe that an Englishman's word is his bond. They would not trust an Englishman's word, in the popular phrase, as far as you could throw an elephant by the tail. One might make promises to repay through all the phases of the moon, but there is no virtue in a promise for a money-lender. He is arranging all the time for the possibility that one may break one's promise. He makes use of every legal device to see

to it that the promise will be fulfilled, either voluntarily or involuntarily—either by oneself or by somebody else. And the pawnbroker, who is the poor man's money-lender, is as distrustful of human honesty. He will lend you money if you give him your hat or your boots or your hot-water bottle, but not if you give him your word. "I pledge my word" is a common form of speech, but you cannot pledge it to a pawnbroker. And who doubts that the pawnbroker is right? If he accepted words as pledges, he would be bankrupt in a week. Such is human nature that, if we can make sure of an easy today by making promises about tomorrow, most of us are tempted to promise and damn the consequences. We do not mean to suggest that the average man always yields to temptation so simply as this. But the temptation is generally there. The man who is unwilling to mortgage tomorrow in the interests of today is an exception and a swimmer against the stream. And even he is often saved from rash promises not by any theory or passion of honesty, but by his cunning foresight of the future, and the horrid thought of the day on which the promises would have to be fulfilled.

How little men trust each other's promises is shown by the fact that even kings and emperors are forced to call God to witness that they will keep their coronation vows. Since the infancy of the world man has never been regarded as wholly bound by a promise until he has pledged either his life or his eternal salvation in support of it. The "Gorblimy" of the London slum child is obviously the relic of some such affirmation of a promise. Similarly, in savage races, men call upon the sun or the thunder to destroy them if they do not keep their word. In some places men who make a compact hold between them a dog or other animal which is cut in two as a sign of the death either

of them is ready to die if he turns promise-breaker. Oaths calling down the wrath of rivers and trees and the elements on the pledge-breaker are common all over the world. The Greeks swore by the Styx. The Kaffir sometimes swears by the King of England. Christians swear "So help me God!" If we had any trust in human promises it is clear we would not in this way drag in God and the elements. But, as a matter of fact, in regard to promises, human beings are a tricky race. The ideal world of many people would be a world in which promises would be binding on everybody else, but not on themselves. They are like children we once knew who would make any promise that was asked of them, feeling no scruple about breaking it if they said "into themselves" (as they put it) at the same time the words, "All but." The grammar of the phrase "All but" has always been a puzzle to us, but its meaning is clear enough, and we have more than once heard a small boy excusing himself for making a lying promise on the ground that, though he had said "I will" out loud, he had negatived it by adding the other words in the secret recesses of his soul. One hears similarly of grown-up men who regard it as almost legitimate to lie when not under oath. They will promise to speak the truth, but, unless they are sworn upon the Book as well, they will break their promise without compunction. Nor is it only the Jesuits of tradition who are like this. Most of us will, at some turn, find ourselves casting about for ways and means to justify the human being who evades his promises—even promises confirmed by sacred oaths. Harold, as every schoolboy learns, was at one time captured by William of Normandy and compelled to swear upon holy relics that if he were permitted to return to England he would support William's claim to the succession to the English Crown. But the schoolboy is

not taught to blame Harold for violating his pledge. It was wrung from him, he is told, under compulsion, and it is to Harold rather than to William that the schoolboy's sympathies go out as he reads the story of the Battle of Hastings. Moralists may well be alarmed by the suggestion that a promise made in the day of peril may be broken in the day of safety. Is no oath then binding that is made under dire compulsion? Clearly, if pledges are a mere matter of convenience, we can trust few of our enemies, out of prison, and soldiers on parole will be justified in escaping if they get the chance. Pitt has been excused, like Harold, by many of the historians for a famous breach of promise. He undertook that, if the Irish Catholics accepted the Union, it would be accompanied by a measure of Catholic Emancipation; but when the time came to fulfil his promise the King threatened to go mad if he did so, and Pitt decided that the sanity of his monarch was more important than his country's honor. Men still debate as to whether he was right or not. Apologists for the deeds of great men hold that his promise bound only himself and not his country, and that, in resigning office after his failure to persuade the King, he did all that could be expected of him. Other critics contend that his promise was in the nature of a pledge from the British to the Irish nation, and that it was binding not only on Pitt but on the British Government. If a pledge from one nation to another may be got out of by the resignation of a Minister, it is obviously a mere meaningless mouthful of air.

And yet our judgment on every such case is made difficult by the fact that we all know in our hearts that there is a time when pledges should be kept and a time when they should be broken. Few of us blame Cromwell or Pym for breaking his oath of allegiance to Charles I; and most revolutions are

founded upon broken pledges of this kind. This does not make us regard revolutions as essentially immoral. The safety of the State, we tell ourselves comfortably, is the supreme morality. Queen Victoria was reluctant to sign the Bill which disestablished the Church of Ireland, on the ground that to do so would be a violation of the pledges she had given at her coronation. Most people regard such sensitiveness as niggling. Besides, as is suggested with some reason, her people had the right to release her from any pledge made to them. The Ulster Unionists recently released themselves from the strict pledges made in their famous Covenant, and no wise man blames them. This was a case in which it was more moral to break a promise than to keep it. At the same time, it would be well if men in public life were a little more sparing of promises that will not be kept. The present war began with the violation of a pledge by Germany, and yet, undeterred by the example of Germany's condemnation, statesmen all over the world have gone on being needlessly lavish with rash promises. Every month of politics has its broken promise. Only in the last few days we have witnessed the violation of the promise that should never have been made if its makers were not sure of their determination and ability to redeem it. Such an event makes the plain man cynical regarding the good faith of statesmen. "At lovers' vows they say Jove sits and laughs"; and the vows of statesmen seem almost as brittle. We are not among those who would abolish politicians. It is our belief in the necessity of politicians that makes us desire to see them something more inclined to make their word their bond. Promises are an easy substitute for action at a crisis. They are like actions projected into the future. They fill next year, as it were, with good things. It is one of our human weaknesses to

feel that, when a thing is said, a thing is done. We rejoice over a pledge given almost more than over a pledge fulfilled. When a drinker "signs the pledge," as we say, the blue-ribboners rejoice as though a stray sheep had been brought back to the fold. As a matter of fact, it is only when the drinker keeps the pledge that he has achieved more than a mildly dramatic action. We do, fortunately, remember pledges to some extent, and in private life men of honor do their utmost to fulfil them. But even in private life the average man can usually find what he calls substantial reasons for releasing himself from burdensome promises. The light hold most of us have on promises is shown by the willingness with which vows are taken at marriage, at ordination, and at other crises. It is only recently that women have begun to refuse a promise of obedience on being married. And they hate the promise not entirely because it binds them, but because it humiliates them. The godfather at a baptism undertakes duties which, in nine cases out of ten, he has not the slightest intention of performing. The clergyman on ordination frequently promises allegiance to dogmas which in his heart he believes to be untrue. The more respect a nation has for the truth, the more it will attempt to make pledges of this kind such that an honest man can take them without bogging at them. There is nothing to be gained by putting a premium on dishonesty. We think, therefore, it is a good sign when statesmen are put in the dock by the public for broken pledges. We have had far too many pledges during the present war which have been apparently regarded by statesmen as mere forms of words, out of which clever men have the right to wriggle. But a general admission of the right to wriggle would be very dangerous. Pledges should never—it is a good rule—be broken except with the consent of those

to whom they have been made. This, it might be thought, is simply a moral commonplace. But if it were
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generally accepted and acted upon it would transform the politics of Europe.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Boy readers who followed with interest Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler's books in the United States Service Series, in which were told the adventures and experiences of a boy who followed the Geological Survey, the Foresters, the Census-takers, and the Fisheries will welcome the initial volume of a new series by the same author. "The Monster-Hunters" (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Company) carries its boy hero, Perry, in the companionship of real explorers and paleontologists, upon investigations of traces of long-extinct monsters—sea serpents, mastodons, dinosaurs and the rest. Dr. Rolt-Wheeler has a pleasant knack for blending adventure with information in his books, and the fifty or sixty illustrations, mostly drawn from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History, make the ancient monsters seem quite real.

Professor Edward S. Corwin's study of "French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778" (Princeton University Press) was prepared originally, in part at least, as a thesis for the doctorate of philosophy, at the universities of Michigan and Pennsylvania. But the interest thus awakened and the material assembled led to a considerable enlargement of the author's first plan, and the result is the present exhaustive consideration of the purposes which inspired France to ally herself with the American colonies in their struggle for independence. The subject, if not altogether new, is new in its point of view, and it is comprehensive in its method of treatment. Students alike of American and European history will find the work

illuminating in its presentation of conclusions from historical sources hitherto little regarded or inadequately treated.

Edward Morlae's "A Soldier of the Legion" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a thrilling story of personal experiences in the fighting in France. Sergeant Morlae was an officer in the Foreign Legion, that strangely amalgamated body, which includes men of all races and nationalities, Russians and Turks, Annamites and Hindus, Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, Italians, and negroes, many of them adventurers, criminals and fugitives from justice, and with them a number of Americans who, like Sergeant Morlae, went out to help France fight her battles. The regiment to which Morlae belonged was reviewed by President Poincaré and General Joffre in August, 1915, after twelve months fighting, and presented with a battleflag. Two months later, all that was left of it was paraded through the streets of Paris, and its battleflag decorated with the Legion of Honor. The story which Sergeant Morlae tells in this book is that of the heroic fighting of this regiment in the forward movement of late September, 1915, when only 852 of the 3,200 who joined in the attack came out alive. The story is told without effusiveness, tersely, vividly, intimately; it is a human document of intense interest. There are four illustrations.

Few prefaces can ever have whet the appetite more than Jennette Lee's brief introduction to "The Symphony Play." It is given to few to announce the birth of a new art form, and the genealogy of

this one is particularly alluring. Just as in music the symphony developed out of sets and suites of short, comparatively unrelated pieces, so the symphony play has come to open a new and grander field to the one-act drama. And the time is ripe for it in the history of the drama, according to Mrs. Lee. The Greek play was "a sculpture-play, the dramatic embodiment of life, three dimensional and demanding a body in proportion to its soul"; "the Shakespearian play, a painting-play, a dramatic color-picture of life." And now comes "the new play that shall express our time—our nervous, quick, psychic, dramatic, deep-whirling soul—the play that like music shall express more than color or form or words, . . . not the embodiment of life—but almost, as in Maeterlinck, the *disembodiment*—thin as a veil between two worlds." The four short plays themselves, Prelude, Allegro, Andante, and Allegretto, are naturally a little disappointing; yet they do call forth, from such human verities as boyhood, motherhood, friendship, and love, tones that sing like those of music, and one play echoes and completes another with beauty and mystery. And the reader who remembers "Peljeas and Melisande" will forgive any shortcomings he may detect and wait with interest for Opus 2. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. DeAlva Stanwood Alexander's work on the "History and Procedure of the House of Representatives" (Houghton Mifflin Company) fills a place hitherto vacant in American political history, and fills it extremely well. The author has had not only the fruits of research to rely upon for his materials, but he was for fourteen years a member of Congress, and his personal experience of the powers and the procedure of the House adds vividness and flavor to his history. He describes minutely but without unnecessary detail the apportionment and qualification of members;

the organization; the powers of the Speaker, and their curtailment of late years, in the appointment of committees and in other particulars; the functions of floor leaders; the privileges of members; the creating and counting a quorum; the rules and the committee on rules; the order of business; the work of committees; the making of a law; the rules of debates; the decision of contested election cases; the course of impeachment proceedings; the relations of the President and the House, and much else besides. An appendix gives lists of Presidents and Vice Presidents and the Congresses coincident with their terms; speakers, clerks and sergeants-at-arms; doorkeepers and postmasters; "fathers" of the House; chairmen of the most important standing committees from date of formation; political divisions of the House of Representatives from 1789 to 1915; and apportionment of members by States; and a full index facilitates reference. This enumeration of the contents indicates the scope of the work, but conveys little idea of its flavor and the wealth of reminiscence and anecdote incorporated in it.

Under the title "Charles E. Hughes: The Statesman as Shown in the Opinions of the Jurist" (E. P. Dutton & Company), William L. Ransom, Justice of the City Court of New York, presents a study of the career of the Republican candidate for President, which is far enough from being the customary "campaign life," for it has been prepared without the knowledge of Mr. Hughes or the managers of his campaign, and it explicitly disclaims any intention of attempting to establish his qualifications for the Presidency. But it reviews his work as a jurist; summarizes all of the opinions prepared by Justice Hughes; and quotes at length from those which deal with questions of national power and policy. Few

public servants perform their duties at a greater remove from "the madding crowd" than the Justices of the United States Supreme Court. It is only in exceptional cases or when there is a sharp division of opinion among the Justices that the average layman pays much attention to their deliverances; and it will surprise most readers to find that it takes more than sixty pages of the present volume merely to give a Table of the opinions, concurrent or dissenting, written by Justice Hughes during his six years on the bench. Aside from its immediate personal interest, this book is of value from the light which it throws upon the work of the Court. Even a layman will not find this illuminating summary of judicial opinions difficult reading; and, from the views expressed in them it is possible to forecast with some accuracy the national policies which Mr. Hughes would be likely to favor, if he were elected President.

Grace Sartwell Mason and John Northern Hilliard, joint authors of "Ysabel of the Blue Bird," once more collaborate in "The Golden Hope," a Californian story of gold hunting, irrigation, and their politics, and a new version of the old tale of the husband, the wife, and another. The supernumeraries of the drama, the Mexicans, Indians and "jayhawkers" of many classes are so clearly and strongly defined that their doings are as interesting as those of the principals, among whom must not be forgotten Abner Jackling and the Major. Abner is a landgrabber of the most pernicious species, the law-abiding. The Major keeps a hotel of sorts, presiding in the bar herself, and maintaining order among her guests by judiciously bestowed free drinks and by a general understanding of human nature, acquired in her husband's gambling room, and she differs from Jackling in her views

of Erich Wheat, the good genius of the community which treats him as good geniuses are always treated. His troubles refine his character, bringing out its best elements until he is more than worthy of the good fortune that comes to him at last, and lacks perfection only because he has not been able to carry out all his plans for improving the lot of his fellow citizens. The authors are to be congratulated on their escape from the danger of seeming to have had Bret Harte or Mr. Vachell in their minds while writing, and also on having revealed a new aspect of the Golden State. The East cannot learn too much of the Pacific Coast, or sympathize too profoundly with those who would fain see it at its best, and the novel is a far better vehicle for the conveyance of information to the world in general, than a serious book or the brilliant railway folder. The authors insert a few side-splitting anecdotes in the graver chapters, but the general effect of the novel is serious. D. Appleton and Company.

Persons so intensely American as to insist that fiction shall give Americans more serious treatment than they receive from the weather, the stock market, or any other force beyond their control, must avoid Mrs. Mary S. Watts's "The Rudder," for nearly all its characters are Americans, hyphenated or otherwise, and all are more or less absurd. The hero, a middle-aged minor poet is insignificant, socially and physically; his beloved is too unattractive to be sought, even by mercenary lovers, although her aspect is inoffensively doll-like. The scene is a placidly dull, ugly Western college town which carefully imitates an Eastern university seat, professes to be deeply interested in commencements and class days, and honestly reveres a Dean, perhaps because his title suggests official kinship

to a deacon. Mrs. Watts calls her book "A novel with several heroes," and leaves one to wonder upon which of her male characters she would bestow this honor. One, the big ice manufacturer, Amzik; two, his big son, a self-made professional baseball player; or the sturdy old contractor who sends his boy to college to become a cheap orator, ashamed of his father and mother and without one past hour of genuine thinking to fortify him for the crisis of his life, or the good old contractor himself with his mistaken ambitions? Upon the whole, one does not care. Mrs. Watts so skilfully sets the stage for the inter-play of their lives that their story commands unbroken attention, and are not all of us more or less absurd to our neighbors? If not, why the universal complaint of being misunderstood? If Mrs. Watts desired to convey this lesson she does it gently. The only person upon whom she has no mercy is the sentimental, selfish fool. To her, she is pitiless, and, nothing being so dangerous as a fool, the portrait of this woman may serve to warn those likely to be deceived by the apparent innocence of her like. The Macmillan Company.

Fenton Johnson's "Songs of the Soil," published by the author at 35 West 131st St., New York City, fill only a slender volume of forty pages, but there is more sincere feeling and real poetry in them than in many a volume of more impressive dimensions. Mr. Johnson is a negro, and he does not hesitate to use the negro dialect in most of these verses, though he discards dialect in poems of religious aspiration. Here is a characteristic bit from "Plantation Prayer":

No othah joy, O Lawd, but jes' to wu'k,
No othah joy but jes' to love mah folks,

To sweat an' toil beneaf de bi'lin sun
An' in de ebenin' tell mah Chillun jokes.

No othah joy but jes' to read yo' Book
By candlelight o' in de bright moon-shine,

No othah joy but jes' to shoutfu' You
At Bethel's chu'ch 'way down be-hin' de pine.

And this, "Ah's Gwine Away":

Daih's a lone stah in de sky,
Ah's gwine away!

Daih's a road dat totes me high,
Ah's gwine away!

Loose yo' houn' dawgs on mah scent,
'Twill be foolish tahn you spent,
Ah am mighty tiahed of wu'k,
Gib to me a restful nu'k.

Ah's gwine away!

Daih's a song dat soothes mah breas'
Ah's gwine away!

Daih's a ha'p dat totes me res',
Ah's gwine away!

Nevahmo' to ten' de hoe an' plow,
Nevahmo' to ben' an' serape an' bow.
Ah is gwine to sahve a king
Dat will allus let me sing.

Ah's gwine away!

The completion of one hundred years of activity in printing and distributing the Bible is fittingly commemorated in a "Centennial History of the American Bible Society," by Henry Otis Dwight, Recording Secretary of the Society (The Macmillan Company). It is a volume of impressive size, and of unique interest; for the Society, uniting, as it does, representatives of all Protestant churches, and engaged in a world-wide work, has had many difficult questions to solve and has encountered many obstacles. Tact, energy and devotion go far to explain the extraordinary success which has attended its activities; and readers who open the book with only a languid interest in the subject will find their attention drawn on, from chapter to chapter, by the vivid and inspiring narrative.